

WITS  
Led by the Nose;  
OR, A  
POETS  
REVENGE:  
A Tragi-Comedy,

As it is Acted at the  
Theatre Royal.

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LONDON,

Printed for *William Crook*, at the *Green Dragon* without  
*Temple Barr*, 1678.

Licensed *August* 16. 1677.

**ROGER L'ESTRANGE.**

Theatre Royal.

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Temple Bar, 1678.

# P R O L O G U E,

Intended to be spoke by Sir Symon Credulous, Written  
by F. W. Gent.

A Play Bill discover'd upon the Door, Enter like a Country  
Gentleman.

**VV** *What's here? never Acted before, Hey-day!*  
*This certainly is some insipid Play.*

Wits lead by the Nose, I Gad I de best retire,  
They'le find me out to be some Country Squire;  
And then for certain though I'm not a Wit,  
They'le thrust me 'mongst my Brethren in the Pit;  
Where with Debauches, Noise, and little Miss,  
I shall be Martyr'd worse then Poet is,  
And be oblig'd for Company to hiss. }  
To shun the Danger of th' admiring Crew  
B'w'y Miss, Boy, House, and Brethren all Adieu.

[Offers to go, but returns.]

Gad should I stay, they'd cheat me with pretence  
Of a new Play call'd Country Innocence,  
Or what was worst of all, the Devil take her,  
A Debauch'd Chambermaid farsooth turn'd Quaker.  
These little Tricks, so often put on Wits,  
Made me forswear to come in either Pits.  
Midnights Intreagues, and Conjerer de France,  
Insipid fribling and unruly dance  
So turnd my stomach—  
I talk, as if concern'd at what they doe,  
I Gad Dear Brethren 'tis for none but you.  
It grieves my heart to see you yawn i'th' Pit,  
As if you came for sleep, and not for Wit.  
Another Crew, with good diverting Play,  
Passes the tedious hours of Show away,  
Pumping for wit to manage him next day. }

# PROLOGUE.

Gad what with that, ill nature, and worse, W  
 The Actors are quite *Aded* out of Doors.  
 Disease, Impotence, and endless Rage,  
 Have been the ruin of this noble Stage.  
 I shun'd the danger, Gad with much ador,  
 To be a Country Wit like some of you.  
 The Civil Wars betwixt the Blew; and Red,  
 Was but a spice of Pride stoln from the head:  
 In Imitation of such growing men,  
 They've got the Knack to be undone again:  
 Ruin's Triumphant, and in Masquerade  
 Appears in ev'ry Corner to invade  
 The easie natur'd fools, and spoile the trade.  
 And will you hear how 'tis? The house is grown  
 So out of date to th' ruling Fops o'th' Town,  
 That in a Month, I Gad, you scarcely come  
 T' applaud, but to debauch i'th' tiring Room;  
 Where having whisper'd your Harmonious Mifs,  
 You creep into the Pit, and frame a Hiss.  
 You think new Plays, such as can please the Age,  
 Are not the work of this, but t'other Stage:  
 Let us provide even the best we can,  
 Here they'll scarce please a Country Gentleman;  
 Much less those Huffing Wits, who sans remorse,  
 Make down right rayling here their common course,  
 And Jockie-like, damm the best running Horse.  
 In former Ages you came here for Wit,  
 Glean'd what best pleas'd, and then forsook the Pit:  
 You think us Barren, and to others steare,  
 And gape for Wit, but find no more then here.  
 S'death, not to Plays but Puppet shows you run,  
 Sure you're in Love with dear Mrs. such a one,  
 And court her shadow ere the Play's begun.  
 When you're come here, as Gad 'tis very rare,  
 You serve us like the Monsters of the Faire;  
 Hiss without reason, damm without controule,  
 As if you meant to Sacrifice the Soul.

This



## PROLOGUE.

*This strange unkindness has our Stage undone,  
And all that you thought Actors faith are gone:  
The men to Misses, Places, or Estates,  
The Women to their kind and welcome Fates;  
Thus both at once retiring from the Stage,  
Have left us here the Objects of your Rage.  
To court your kindness were alas but vain,  
You must be Damning though you Damm in pain.  
Mongst the hard hearted, I good natures spy,  
And kindness dancing in each Ladies eye;  
They to commiserate, not hate, were born,  
I know you are too kind and fair to scorn;  
Your blushing Cheeks good Nature doth betray,  
It lies on you to save, or Damm the Play;  
Our unlearn'd Author to your doom submits,  
Desirous to be try'd by Female Wits:  
If you applaud him all his pains are crown'd,  
And he'll defie the buffing Criticks round.*

Actors

## Actors Names.

<b>A</b> ntellus, King of Sicilia	Mr. Goodman.
Oroandes, General of his Army	Mr. Lydell.
Zannazarro, a young Lord in Rebellion	Mr. Perrin.
Arratus, an old Courtier	Mr. Watjan.
Vanlore, a Gentleman fall'n to decay	Mr. Pomre.
Sir Symon Credulous	Mr. Haynes.
Sir Jasper Sympleton	Mr. Stiles.
Jack Drayner, Servant to Credulous	Mr. Nathaniel D.
Dick Slywit, Servant to Sympleton	Mr. Cozsb.
A Shepherd	
A Servant, and a Messenger	

## Women.

<b>H</b> eroina, Princess of Regium	Mrs. Baker, Jun.
Glorianda, Princess of Cyprus	Mrs. Bowtell.
Amasia, Sister to Zannazarro	Mrs. Baker.
Theocrine, Daughter to Arratus	Mrs. F.
Julia, Theocrines Maid	

*Attendants, Priests, Guards, Spirits, Benetties,  
Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Scene **SICILIA.**

(1)

# WITS

## Led by the Nose.

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### ACT I.

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#### SCENE *Arratus Lodgings.*

*Enter Arratus with a Letter in his hand, Sir Symon and Sly-wit as from Travelling.*

*Arr.* **S**IR *Symon*, without this Letter your self had been most welcome, and I am bound in honour to your Father ( besides the great Engagement of your presence ) to do whatever he commands me.

*Sym.* Sir, I cannot but thank you, our English way admits of but few Complements, and those are grown so tedious to me since I left the Clime, I purpose to forget 'em.

*Arr.* Plain down right dealing's the *Sicilian* fashion, and that I count the best too. But dear Sir *Symon* make me happy in the knowledg why you left your Nation.

*Sym.* A toy — a frolick — a meere trick I Gad, a vain desire to see this other World, and know what difference is between the Natures of such different Kingdoms.

*Arr.* Your Curiosity ought Sir to be commended and encouraged; but sure some other Reason urg'd you to Travel, Love, Love, I'll warrant you?

*Sym.* I Gad Love is the only thing I hate, 'tis more offensive to my Constitution, then Arsnick to an Ague. I Gad we are cloy'd with it in *England*; and that which makes me hate it more, is, my last *Amores* in the very height of her Embraces not only picking my

Pocket, but dealt unkindly by me, and all that. Love, oh out upon't, 'tis the greatest Monster Sir in Nature.

*Arr.* I'm sorry you are so averse to what we count a pleasure; and more since the great hopes I had in such a noble Son, are blasted in their early spring.

*Sym.* I find by my hand, and all that; this old man intends to push a fortune on me. — [aside. It is my fate Sir, at first I lov'd like *Plato*, then like all the World, that is every pretty yielding Beauty; at last by too many enjoyments —

Pox on 'em I may say — [aside. I grew so dull, so wearied and so senceless, I Gad I resolv'd never to love again.

*Arr.* 'Tis very strange.

*Sym.* Nor never will, unless Sir to oblige my best of friends, your noble self.

*Arr.* I rest engag'd to you. I must confess Sir I have a Daughter, and one whom Nature has rather been prodigal then backward in bestowing Graces. My mind ever design'd her (Sir) for you, and to compleat what I so long had wish'd, even from both your Infancies. I let your Father know my whole design, whose heart with mine did willingly agree; there wanting nothing but your riper years, which Heav'n bestowing on you both, your Father according to his promise, and my great desire, has sent in you the Center of my hopes.

*Sym.* I find myself betray'd, betray'd to love I Gad, and wheal'd already into the bonds of Matrimony, and that's a dangerous task for a Gallant of the times to undertake, especially for one who hath bin caught by that religious cheat of Wedlock at least fifteen times; but the best is, the *Sicillian* and our Laws differ as much as their Constitutions, and for those facts committed there a Gentleman in honour cannot suffer here. — [aside. Sir you honour me too much in thus bestowing upon me so great a prize, as your lovely Daughter, who maybe as ugly as the Devil for ought I know. [aside.

*Arr.* Had not the great deserts Sir of your Father, besides equality of birth, and friendship, translated to my Soul your noble vertues, this first encounter would have giv'n me sufficient satisfaction of your merits.

*Sym.*

*Sym.* My Lord, your praises rise to Ostentation; and to requite you for this noble kindness, if recommending love will ought oblige you, you may command your Servant.

*Arr.* You make me happy; this grant of yours, pulls back some years from age; my Daughter will be overjoy'd at such a Husband, and meet you with the best respects of Love.

*Sym.* Let her be swift in granting, for I Gad if she holds out long, my affections will melt away, and turn into down right hatred, meer slight, neglect, scorn, and so forth.

*Arr.* She's half prepar'd already; there wants nothing but the grant, the word, I Love, and then the deed is done.

*Sym.* I but that word I have known extended to such a length, that it was impossible to find an end of the resolve. I since my fit of Love's return'd, hate all but yielding Females, and to those I fly with as much vigor, as a Novice in the Art of Courtship to his new gain'd Mistress.

Let her be pliant, and my fit will last;

If not —————

As it came swiftly on, it flies as fast.

*Arr.* Come Son, for so I'll call you now; after your tedious journey, rest is needful, then you shall see the only joy I have,

*And from her eyes receive so sweet a fate,*

*You'll bless that pow'r, which first did Love create.* [Exit

## SCENE a City.

*Enter Oroandes, two Captains and Souldiers.*

*Oro.* My Kings Commission gives me not only orders to dethrone brave Zannazarro, but to demolish all, to burn his factious Town, and in its Ruins bury the thoughts of Usurpation.

*Omnes.* Heav'n crown the action with success.

*Oroa.* My gratitude divides it self amongst you all; the only way of recompence, until some happy beam of opportunity shall light my wishes to a requital of your early loves. — Summon the Rebel. [They sound a parl.

*Enter as on the Walls Zannazarro and Attendants.*

*Zan.* What means this hasty Summons? Is your anger so swift in motion, that it not admits due rites unto the dead? and though our



griefs sit heavy on our Souls, 'tis not of Kin to fear, but we dare draw our Swords ere we have wip'd our eyes, and in a peal of Cannon, thunder his Funeral.

*Oroa.* 'Tis pity a resolve thus fortified, should unravel all its glory, in an unlawful cause.

*Zan.* *Oroandes*, you may spare your labour, though we have lost the strongest Cittadel of all our hopes, in our dear Fathers death, yet we will sell our Lives, at honours dearest rate, and not fall an humble Sacrifice to death.

*Oroa.* I am sorry Sir, that my advice, proceeding from the love I bear your worth, has mis'd its wish'd for ends: Farewell, all happiness but that which waits on victory attend you.

[ *Exeunt below.*

*Zan.* The like to thee brave Soul, since part we must;  
When next we meet, 'twill be in blood and dust.

[ *Exeunt above.*

[ *An alarm and fighting within. Enter as in flight Zannazarro and Souldiers, Enter aft er em fighting the first Captain, and Souldiers, they follow Zannazarro and Souldiers off, and then return, Enter to them Oroandes and Souldiers.*

*Oroa.* Where's Zannazarro?

*Cap.* Receiv'd into the Town, in spite of all our Force.

*Oroa.* S'death, their Army beaten, and cannot he be Conquer'd? scale the Walls, kill and burn all, till death betyr'd with Conquering.

[ *Scene the Walls of the Town, Zannazarro and Souldiers appear upon 'em, Alarm, Oroandes and Souldiers scale the Walls, beat off Zannazarro and Souldiers, and enter the Town, Alarm still, a shout, and then the Scene changes to a Town afire, a noise of shrieks and fighting for a while, and then the Scene changes to a Temple, in which is discover'd Amasia kneeling at the Altar with two or three Ladies. Enter a Messenger all bloody.*

*Mess.* Fly dearest Lady, fly, the day is lost, your noble Brother taken, Wars furious Goddess, fierce *Erys* stands over your batter'd Gates,

Gates, a dropping pine about her Tresses lends with its dismal light an entrance to the Messengers of Death, the Battlements sweat all in flames, whilst loud confusion fills th' enlightn'd air.

[The Ladies weep.

*Ama.* Weep not my dear companions, you have shar'd alike with me in ev'ry change of fortune, if fate ordains this the Catastrophe of all those Tragick Scenes; to us our Virgin innocence shall be protection, safer then th' united Swords of Earths most powerful Monarchs.

[Outcries within.

*Lad.* Oh they are entring, entring, lets fly dear Madam.

*Ama.* Whether? When slaughter runs through all, where can we find protection?

*Enter Oroandes and Souldiers.*

*Oroa.* Ha! — what place is this? — with what an awful Majesty it looks! — sure it inshrines Deity — what's she? —

[spies *Amasia.*

with such a face *Troy's* tutelary Angel look'd, when all her Crown of Turrets drop't their flaming heads:

[*Amasia kneels to Oroandes.*

*Ama.* What ere thou art, that in this dreadful shape com'st to prophane this hallow'd place with blood; if in your breast, there dwell a human thought, telling you that a Woman was your Mother, for her sake pity a distressed Virgin.

[*Oroandes stands amas'd, lets fall his sword.*

*Oroa.* A chilling frost unnerves my joints, sure 'tis Divinity or Magick that hath thus depos'd my Reason, to let rebel passion triumph i'th' injur'd Throne. — Rise Lady, there's a Religious ice about my heart, that chains up all my fury: — I shall rather slight the commands of a much injur'd Prince, then violate ought which the dictates of my Soul proclaims for sacred.

*Ama.* Oh lead me then to some polluted place that's grown drunk with blood, and there let mine increase the purple deluge; I shall not always be protect'd by this place's sanctity, or if I were, find few of so much virtue, to be with a Religious reverence aw'd.

*Oroa.* Do not dear Soul too much afflict your self, my Power

secures you from all future violence, each tear you shed drops from my heart in blood, I'm conquer'd in this victory, and become a Captive to my prisoner: fear nothing Madam, for your Guardian Angel roab'd in virginity is not whiter then those thoughts which cloath my Soul; when they reflect on so much suffering virtue: Oh give my passions leave to move within the Orb of your Celestial Beauty, while no line — tends to the Center of a thought unchast.

*Ama.* Alas my Lord, this is no time to play with Love, when War and Death sit by and hold the stakes.

*Oroa.* If all my service to my Prince hath merited ought worth requital, he must show it in mercy to you, or by a blacker doom shake my obedience off; but only grant me thus much satisfaction, that when time redeems you from these cruel frowns of fate, you would with pity then on my afflictions look.

*Ama.* I were ungrateful else, noble Sir; I so much prize your virtues, that if ere my frowning stars smile on my fate again, their powerful influence shall reflect on you, in so much thankful gratitude, you shall acknowledg it the eldest Child of Love.

*Oroa.* My joyes grow equal with my wishes;  
*Banish all fear since fate so kind doth prove,*  
*Thus to reward Wars mightie toyls with Love.* [Exeunt.

## SCENE Arratus Lodgings.

*Enter at one door Arratus and Theocrine, at the other Sir Symon and Drayner, Sir Symon drest Gallantly.*

*Arr.* Son, you'r most nobly welcome, my Daughter I thank my Stars accepts the proffer, and no doubt but both parties will be agreed.

*Sym.* I hope so too Sir, for as I said before I hate a tedious Courtship.

*Arr.* Daughter this is the Gentleman I spoke of, is he not in every thing compleat to my description?

*Theo.* Yes Sir, —  
 If gawdy Cloaths, Powder and Paint can make a Lover, this Monster wants no Graces.

[Aside.  
*Sym.* Ma.

*Sym.* Madam, having the honour to be introduc'd into your noble company, I hope I shall not appear rude in thus presuming to kiss your hand, and all that.

[*I Gad, she is very handsome, and hath conquer'd my heart at this first interview. — aside.*]  
*Lady* I hope your Father hath made you sensible of my Amours, and withal the way and manner of my Courtship, for I Gad and all that, I love damnably, and hate monstrously.

*Theo.* 'Tis strange Sir you can admit at once of love and hate.

*Sym.* In their degrees Lady, but sometimes they are inseparable, for I can at once hate and love, love and hate, and all that, but the present cause which may be easily avoided is a tedious Courtship.

*Theo.* I'm glad I know your mind Sir, and shall strive to please in expedition.

*Sym.* I vow to Gad and all that, you are the sweetest lovingest Lady, and so forth, in all *Europe*.

*Arr.* I told you Son she would be all obedience, and to preserve your Loves entire for ever, prepare against to-morrow for the Wedding.

*Theo.* To-morrow Sir?

*Arr.* Yes Daughter, so I've said, a days loss begets an age of sorrow, to-morrow is the ultimate.

*Theo.* The warning Sir's too short, I cannot in one night consent, to the great loss that fatal day will bring; defer it Sir a week.

*Sym.* By Heav'n, I shall forget to love by that time; alas Madam my love comes on by fits, and if you refuse me while it reigns upon me, I Gad and all that you may go seek your Husband.

*Arr.* Dispute no more, to-morrow is the day, till then I give you leave to think upon't.

*He must be taken in the height of love,*

*Or else th' effects in pallid fear will move:*

*Delay'd affection many ills produce,*

*And love may lose its pow'r for want of use.* [*Exeunt.*]

*As they are going off, Enter Sir Jasper and Slywit, Sir*

*Jasper seeing them, stands still.*

*Jas.* Ha! that's more then I expected, this is sure a Rival, and one.

one of the newest stamp, pox on this love I say, a man is never free from one danger or other; now am I in a great Quandary, whether I had best go forward or backward, if I go forward there's a Rival, if backward there goes a Coward, and to stand still is worst of all.

*Sly.* Sir what do you mean? Did you come out with an intent to see your Mistress, and stand disputing what you'd best to do.

*Jas.* Do, why what you would have me do? Did you not see a Rival with my Lady, and let me tell you there's danger in those Creatures, pox on 'em they are as common as Cuckolds, but not half so loving.

*Sly.* O! hark as they're us'd; if they discover the least spark of fear, they're valliant then as Lyons, but if you bear up Briskly, swear Nearly, and huff Compleatly; they sneak away, just like inspid Asses.

*Jas.* Nay if sweating and huffing would overcome, I think none dare pretend to have any courage but my self.

*Sly.* As for example, suppose you were my Rival, thus I come to you, Umh, Umh, Umh, Dam me Sir, you are an Inspid, Excommunicated, Rascallian son of a Whore, and my Rival.

[Gives Sir Jasper a slap on the face, retreats, and draws his sword.]

*Jas.* Pox on your Rival ship, if this be the fruits on't, you may keep your Lady and be damn'd; was that Alamode to make fire fly out of both the eyes of a Gentleman?

*Sly.* But'd you kindly in't, you should in answer to the affront, have drawn your sword; and —

*Jas.* Run away I'll warrant you.

*Sly.* No Sir, fought him Gentilely, and with a decent thrust push'd his Soul into another World.

*Jas.* I marry Sir, that's a good way to be hang'd, and all that

*Sly.* Phu, I am asham'd of you, and your conversation, a Gentleman and be hang'd, 'twas never heard of; I knew a Squire after he Cowardly had kill'd a Score, had leave to mak't up Forty, and you being a Knight, I hope you may have more power.

*Jas.* Say you so, nay if I may kill *Cum privilegio*, woe be to the next I meet, my anger's up, and murder will ensue; but to our business, suppose you were my Rival, thus I come up to you,

Umh,



Umh, Umh, Umh, *Dam me Sir, you are an Inspid, Excommunicated, Rascallian Son of a Whore, and my Rival.*

*[ Strikes Sly. Runs back to draw his sword, and then returns.*

*Sly.* So this was well done, and like a lover.

*Jas.* Nay let me alone for huffing. *[ Enter an old Woman. here comes something, now courage for me.*

*Sly.* What mean you Sir ?

*Jas.* Nothing, but to kill that Monster, I have sworn, and a Gentleman should not break his word.

*Sly.* But that's a woman Sir, a very old woman.

*Jas.* If she were a very old Devil I would kill her, my angers up, and murder will ensue. *[ Goes to kill the old Woman.*

*Old W.* Oh Lord Sir hold, put up your Sword Sir, I have not seen a naked thing of that length this forty years, help, help, murder, murder.

*[ Runs up and down the Stage, crying murder, at length falls down, and Jasper in running after falls too, the old Woman gets up and runs away crying murder.*

*Jas.* Pox of her old bones, could she not stand to be kil'd decently.

*Sly.* She thought 'twas better living Sir; but lets begon, her mumbling chaps will raise the streets upon us.

*Jas.* Withal my heart.

*Since want of Huff and Dinging, makes a Cully,*

*I'll Rant, Rore, Swear, and Curse to be a Bully.*

*[ Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE the City.

*Enter Jasper Sympleton, Slywit, Musitioners and Dancers.*

*Jas.* **F**ollow your Leader Rascals, this is the House, undermine it first with a noise of vocal Mulick, and then blow it up with a whirlwind of Fidling:

SONG.

## SONG:

**T**Hus like a Spark and a Bully o'th Town,  
 I Ramble i'th Streets, and Roam up and down.  
 No Lover so decently ere made approach,  
 But first he debauch'd his dear self in a Coach;  
 The act being done, to his Mistress with a noise  
 Of scraping dull Rascals, and rabble of boyes,  
 In Nonsense he chatters the height of his joys.

But your Knight Alamode, your man of pretence,  
 Who comes arm'd all over with nothing but sence,  
 With Gaway rich Clothe, Perfume, Patch, and Paint;  
 Can't such a Lover be less than a Saint?  
 For they dress all Airie, and Puritie prove,  
 No blessing so great, so great as your Love.

3.

Your Love, that chief bliss of our Mortal Estate,  
 Though oftentimes Clouded with envie and hate,  
 We Slaves must admire, and gladly pursue,  
 Though we lose both our senses, our pleasures, and you.  
 What man that's a Lover, and boldly dare move,  
 But durst for enjoyment, forsake all above,  
 Though that minute he's dam'd, and dam'd for his Love.

**I** [A Serenade, and then a Dance; all the  
 while they Sing and Dance, Theocrine  
 and Julia are seen in the Balconee.

**Enter Sir Symon Credulous and Drayner. Theocrine  
 and Julia, Exit above.**

**Sir, there's your Rival.**

**Jas. Dam**

*Jas.* Dam me Sir, you are an Insipid, Excommunicated, Rascal-  
lian Son of a Whore, and my Rival.

[*Strikes Sir Symon, runs back and draws his sword, Sir Symon doth the same, and coming towards one another they know each other.*]

*Sym.* What my Quondam friend and noble acquaintance Sir  
*Jasper Sympleton.*

*Jas.* My Right Worshipful, and Pomathematical Bully, Sir  
*Symon Credulous.* [They Embrace.]

*Sly.* Cully Drayner. [They Embrace.]  
*Dra.* Bully Slywit. [They Embrace.]

*Sym.* And how, and how is't? I Gad who thought to have  
seen you here? the last time we saw each other, I pawn'd you at  
the *Rose* for a Guinny, that little Debauch made a Divorce be-  
twixt us, and have I met thee here? — [Embrace again.]  
but a Pox of your Ceremonious way of Greeting Bully, that slap  
was very severe to a friend.

*Jas.* A slight way of Complement to a Rival, but dear Rogue  
let me kiss thee, — I Gad I joy to see you. [Embrace again.]

*Sym.* This is a Rival by his sawning, for I believe a *Sicilian*  
Rival, and an *English* Cuckold, are much of a Nature, both loving  
the man that most injures them. — [aside.]  
But Bully *Sympleton* what made you here so early, bin upon the  
Ramble'll warrant you, and so came and paid your devoires to  
the Lady of your best affections.

*Jas.* Rot me, if I'm in love with any body but my Landress;  
these are only some of my flashes of Gallantry, to let the City  
know my merits; but what made you here Bully *Credulous*? To  
Court a Lady I dare swear.

*Sym.* By my honour me, an unlucky Horse of mine as I was  
riding to view the Country, stood still with me seven miles toge-  
ther, which forc't me to be beholding to the Gentleman of this  
House for a nights Lodging;  
This will do or nothing. — [aside.]

But if ever I ride a tir'd Horse again, post me for a Cully.  
*Jas.* This maybe, but I Gad tis very impossible.

Enter Theocrine and Julia.

*Sym.* Zounds here comes my Lady, now dare I as well be hang'd as speak to her, for fear of having my throat cut. — [*aside.*]

*Jas.* What a pox shall I do now? if I speak, I discover my affections, and create a Rival; and if I say nothing, I lose my Mistress. Oh valour, oh valour, what's become of you? — [*aside.*]

*Sly.* Sir, why do you not speak to the Lady, she expects you. — [*aside to Jasper.*]

*Jas.* She may expect me if she pleases, but I think I shan't speak to her. — [*to Slywit.*]

*Dray.* Sir, are you not ashamed to stand gaping as if you had lost your speech? — [*to Symon.*]

*Sym.* I Gad I had better lose my speech, then lose my life: for if I speak to her, he'll speak to me, and above all things I hate an angry Rival. — [*to Drayner.*]

*Sly.* Good Sir recollect your self, your Rival is an arrand Coward, and dares not own before your face his love to *Theocrine*, and should you refuse to Court her now, she's lost for ever, —

[*aside to Jasper.*]  
forward Sir, forward, for shame. — [*Pushes Jasper forward.*]

*Sym.* I Gad I'll venture too, *Drayner* get your Sword ready, and if my Rival offers to draw, dispatch him decently. —

[*Speaks this aside to Drayner, and then goes towards Theocrine, Jasper doth the same.*]

*Jas.* Honourable Madam. — [*Get your sword ready Drayner.*]

*Sym.* Lovely Lady. —

*Jas.* Most Aromarick Beauty. —

*Sym.* Divine, Celestial, and Odoriferous Venus. —

*Jas.* The glory of your presence, makes me stoop thus low to kiss your hand. — [*Kisses her hand.*]

*Sym.* The glory of your presence makes me bold to kiss your — and so forth. — [*Offers to kiss her.*]

*Theo.* What mean you Sir? —

*Jas.* Ay, what mean you Sir? —

*Sym.* Nay, nay no huffing Bully, no hard upon my honour Madam. — [*Theo.*]

*Theo.* You'r bold Sir, and intrude too far upon the priviledg my Father gave you; but that you are a stranger and a Gentleman, I should chastise the Insolence.

*Jas.* I would not lose the honour for a Kingdom, he's my Rival, and that's sufficient, hum, hum.

[ *After a Huffing Proud manner.*

*Bully Credulous* you are my friend, — [ *aside to him.*

Give me your hand, meet me within this minute —

[ *Aloud, after the foregoing manner.*

at the Tavern. —

*Sym.* Agreed. —

[ *aside as before.*

*Jas.* Madam your Servant, such sawcy actions must and shall be punished, farewell. [ *aloud as before.*

[ *Exit. Sir Jasper and Slywit.*

*Sym.* Your Servant Madam; if I fall, say you lost one who lov'd. —

[ *After the same manner to Theocrine.*

[ *Exit, Sir Symon with Drayner.*

*Theo.* The Coxcombs will not fight sure?

*Jul.* You need not fear it Madam, their Spirits are too dull for such brave Actions.

*Theo.* I do not much, yet something troubles me, and what it is I know not.

*Jul.* Love for *Vanlore* Madam; 'tis true, his vertues merit all your noble thoughts, but his mean fortunes so intrage your Father, I fear you'l ne're enjoy him.

*Theo.* Fathers are Cruel when they think they'r Kind, and more disturb our rest by forcing Love, then when they rob us of the Author of it.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, a Messenger from *Ardenna* desires to speak with you.

*Theo.* Some news from *Vanlore*, now Heav'n I hope is kind.

[ *Exeunt.*



## SCENE Chamber Royal.

Enter Antellus, Glorianda, Guards, two Sea Captains,  
and Attendants,

Antellus Reading a Letter.

King. The Letter.

**VV** Hen first our full spread sayles were Pregnant grown,  
and all our hopes grew equal to our wishes, a  
spightful Storm stretch'd on the wings of all the Clamorous  
Winds, scatter'd our Fleet, whose Ruin'd sayles hang on the  
top of Rocks, the darkned Sky proclaims a dissolution, and  
the angry Waves assault our sinking Ships: Some hours this  
Tempest held, and on a suddain the face of the Heav'n was  
clear, the Seas grew Calm, and light appear'd, just like a  
new born day, that we might see the dreadful Ruin's of our  
scatter'd Fleet, and what bred most distraction, the Prince's  
Ship was lost.

King. How full of fatal changes are our Lives, what is to be a  
Monarch, and yet live to be trembling at ev'ry breath of passion?  
thus when all my thoughts in the fair hopes were calin'd of *Hermina's*  
safe Arrival, then, even then to have 'em smother'd in this Cloud  
of curst Intelligence.

Glo. Your grief is yet but weak suspicions birth, and happily  
may prove abortive Sir.

King. Oh *Glorianda*, thou fain wouldst flatter me to comfort,  
but the malignity of sorrow can admit no Cordials; there, there,

[*Gives Glorianda the Letter, she peruses it.*  
unravel the black clew that led me into this dark Labyrinth of grief;  
and tell me then, if I have ever left hopes to escape this growing  
storm of Passion.] *Glorianda having perus'd the Let-*

(ter, returns it.

Glo. Sir th'information is most sad, if true.

King. Oh, 'tis too true, too true my *Glorianda*, devouring Seas  
have consin'd our Embraces; but shall I lose her thus? Go ga-  
ther

ther all those Ships that owe obedience to this Isle; and let their Squadrons scour the Seas untill you find her out, or else by all that's good, your lives, though an unworthy Sacrifice, shall fall an offering to her Fathers Iols. [Exit the Sea Captains.

*Shouts within.* Enter Oroandes, Zannazarro and Amasia

Guarded. Oroandes kneels, and presents the Prisoners.

Oro. Thus only may your Enemies Encounter those Beames of sacred Majesty, that shine through you from the Sicilian Diadem.

King. Rise Oroandes, high in our love as wonder; thus joy encounters grief, but is too weak for such a foe.

Glo. I more then doubt poor Zannarro's safety.

Loves secret flames, teach me the way to fear,

And when he moves from life, my death draws near.

[Weeps.

King. Why so much woman Glorianda? Thou but mispendest thy pity on an object, which if not remov'd, will soon Eclipse the brightness of our Stars. —

Go call the Priests of Mars and Pallas hither.

[Exit a Guard.

Oro. What might this Rage Portend?

Enter the Guards, and two Priests.

King. Here take the Prisoners to your charge, and let those Ceremonies be perform'd, by which the tainted blood of Sacrifices, are made Incense for the Gods; see 'em prepar'd ere the next Morning guilds the Earth.

Delay

Shall pluck no feathers from the wings of Day,

Ere vengeance meet the Rebels. [Exeunt Priests, and Prisoners.

Glo. Oh they are lost, for ever lost.

Oro. Is't Grief or Reverence that unnerves me thus? Oh my Soul — thou art too weak, too faintly weak, to move beneath the Chaos of these woes.

King. Now Oroandes I have time left to Embrace thee, and hug this Cabinet of virtues yet, I have not in all thy absence let thy goodness slide out of my thoughts, witness this Lady, in whose virgin breast, I've strove to plant thy worth. Fight

**Fight like a noble Souldier, and so move;** *[Exit King and Attendants]*  
**Till noble vertue Conquer Glorious Love.**

*Glo.* Which starts my degenerate Spirits? I was born free as  
 Sicily's King, and though he is my Brother, sure I may be allow'd  
 the freedom of my Choice. — *[Weeps.]*

*Oro.* She weeps.

There's more in this then yet my thoughts can fathom, pardon La-  
 dy my unbecoming rudeness, I have sorrows which like an evil  
 Genius on my Soul sit cloth'd in fables, and obscure the light of  
 your bright Glories.

*Glo.* This is no time to flatter Sir, or move  
 In these disorders tow'rds the Throne of Love:  
 A gen'ral sweetness should about us wait,  
 And not the furlly frowns of angry fate.  
 To quench those flames so newly are begun,  
 I'll weep down floods, and drown the rising Sun.

*Oro.* To Court your tears, argues a fatal end,  
 And love thus planted, never can extend.  
 In Glorious paths of mutual happiness  
 We treat the fancy, and expect success;  
 But when before the heart is gone astray,  
 Our Monarchs gifts doth but our lives betray;  
 And to refuse what he so kindly gave,  
 Were but to Ruin what we hop'd to save.

*Glo.* Though our affections variously do move,  
 In different forms of Gratitude and Love;  
 Yet they'r perhaps of kin, did you but know  
 From whence th' Original of Grief doth grow.  
 My Lord I blush not to relate, these eyes  
 Drop tears to mollifie the Deities,  
 Those stubborn Gods which sway the reeling State  
 Of Zannazarro, and Amasia's Fate.  
 For him my cares, for her your fears are strong,  
 Yet they must suffer for their Fathers wrong.

*Oro.* Oraculously spoken, her great Charms,  
 Have bound me in the Circle of her Arms:

In height of Conquest they surpris'd my Soul, will not stir  
 Her Glories all my Lawrels did controul; I could not but  
 My growing fortune stop'd at her bright eyes,  
 And she commanded all my victories  
 To her great Charms my Conquest soon did bow,  
 And Lillies sat tryumphant on her brow.  
 The Warlike Eagle, and the Phoenix may  
 Fly to a Wilderness and shun the day:  
 While she invested in the Roabes of Love,  
 Darts fiercer Beams, as she to th' East doth move.

*Glo.* And can you then see so much goodness fall  
 Rather turn Rebel, to save them lose all.

*Oro.* I have an Army yet, 'tis true, but when  
 I think on Treason they will shun me then.  
 My blood shrinks to its Center at a Rebels name,  
 Scattering a death-like Ague through each vein;  
 My Nerves shrink back at any thing that's ill:  
 We dam our selves when we a Monarch kill.

If all our prayers cannot satisfie  
 An angry King, we'll both Loves Martyrs die.

*Glo.* I will do something too, something that may  
 Preserve my fame as glorious as the day.

Perhaps Sir, our united prayers may move  
 Heav'n to Compassion, and the King to Love.

*Oro.* My prayers shall wait on yours, and if deny'd  
 Dying for love with them shall be my pride.

*Exeunt.*

**SCENE a Tavern.**

*Enter Jasper Sympleton, Sir Symon Credulous, Drayher,*  
*and Sly; wit, are discovered Drinking.*

*Jas.* Pox this is better then fighting: What should a man of ho-  
 nour that hath an Estate, and so forth, venture his life for? 'tis  
 enough for poor pittiful little inconsiderate Rascals, that have no  
 other dependency, but Murder and Hanging.

*Sym. True.*

*Sym.* True Bully, Pox of fighting I say, there's no sport in it, whoring and drinking I am for; but I hate fighting.

*Jas.* Come lets sit down then, Sirrah, some Wine, here's a health to my Lady, Madam *Theocrine*.

*Sym.* Done, I'll pledge it, and begin another; here's a health to my Lady, Madam *Theocrine*.

*Jas.* Is she your Lady then?

*Sym.* My Mistress Sir or so, if her Father may be believ'd; I thank him he has confir'd that honour on me.

*Jas.* Why Bully, she is my Mistress too, her self I thank her, confir'd that honour on me.

*Sym.* Her self Sir?

*Jas.* Yes Sir, so I said, her self.

*Sym.* Nay Pox on't be not angry Bully, give me thy hand, let's drink away sorrow, and a Pox of Quarrelling.

*Jas.* Quarrelling Sir, I scorn quarrelling as much as any man; but I hate to be abus'd.

*Sym.* Abus'd, and so do I, my Mistress is my Mistress, and so forth, and no Rival shall get her from me, I will fight for her in Verse.

*Jas.* And so will I, and I think for Poetry no man can outdo me.

*Dra.* Was ever seen two such inconsiderable Asses, men that have no more sence of honour then a Wood-cock; for my part though I as much abhor fighting as either, yet the fault in them appears so odious, I hate myself for being such a Coward.

*Sly.* In London I durst be a Bully, when incompas'd with an host of Hector's, who have no more honour then courage, yet impudence enough to keep a man out of the honourable path of fighting; grinning Honour is as loathsome to 'em as a grinning Bay-liff, and they had rather kill themselves with Nauseous Physick, then hazard the breathing of a vein in a just Quarrel.

*Dra.* It becomes neither you nor I to rail at Cowards, having so great a share in Cowardize; but rather to be patient and bear our sufferings (I mean our beatings) without noise, that the World may think us men of Wit and Prudence.

*Sly.* Since we came hither, Sir *Jasper* with his insufferable impertinence, and his unreclaimable Arrogance, has brought me into



at least sixteen Quarrels, of which the least had made us Mortal, had not I by my fawning and extream art in wheedling got clear, which makes me cry Pox of fighting, the very thought on't proclaims me *Mortuus est*.

*Dra.* I fear my life's at stake too, for my quarrelling Coward like a true Bully, *Tawndy*, always sneaks away and leaves me to Capitulate with the Enemy, or else Engage to fight, which neither of us have any stomach to.

*Sly.* For my part I commonly swear a Quarrel out, not fight it; or take a beating, though with an Oaken Cudgel. This tilting is more dangerous then *Morbis Gallicus* a dose of *Mercury* is; Heav'n to the point of a Sword.

[While *Sly* and *Drayner* discourse, *Jasper* and *Credulous* write, drink, walk, and use all the Antick Postures of Poets; *Drayner* and *Sly* having done talking, *Jasper* and *Credulous* rise, both being near drunk,

*Jas.* By my Fathers Soul I've done, and without Ostentation, to as great a height, as — When the Sons of the Muses grew Numerous and loud, and so forth.

*Sym.* And by your favour I think I have done to a mighty height, and to a greater height then a Lampoon; I have done to the height of *Allebabbela su*, and so forth.

*Jas.* Thou hast a notable Paw for Scribling; but for Lampoon, Joak, Jest, Jear, and so forth, I have the Brain.

*Sym.* And I have a Brain too, but let that pass; to the verses, to the verses, come Bully lets hear the verses.

*Jas.* Divine —

[Reads.

*Sym.* [Laughing,] — He has made an Angel of her already. Divine, — Oh horrid, there's an Epitthe for a Lady, pray when did you hear that a Divine was a Lady, or of a divine Lady? ha, ha, ha.

*Jas.* Sir, 'tis a flight, and a great deal better then Diabollic-cal.

[Reads affectedly.

Divine, Celestial, and Soul Charming fair,  
Why wer't thou made so glorious and so rare,  
Only to run us Mortals to despair?

How do'st like 'em Bully?

D

*Sym.* They

*Jas. W.* They are very rare, monstrous, fair, and damnable de-  
spairing yet, indeed, but is here all? *Sym.* And enough too, a man that writes sense should not  
write above three lines a day. Give me Premeditation, I say Pre-  
meditation, for that's the staff of Poetry. *Sym.* But by your favour I think my Song here without Preme-  
ditation, is as good as your Divine Celestial and Soul Charming  
business. Bully, your Judgment.

## SONG

**T**HE joys of Debauch in the Night are most sweet,  
When Fashion and Gallies with a Doxy we meet;  
Though she pyles up and down  
Like a Miff of the Town,  
To oblige our Gallies will give her a Crown,  
Yet I Gad she'll be kind to him she approves,  
And deposite her dust to the man that she loves.

## 2.

Oh the pleasant Harangue of a Citizen Wife,  
Who loves to oblige a dear Spark with her life;  
Her Husband poor Cully,  
For fear of the Bully  
Sits slumping at home,  
While abroad she doth roam.

At Night being cloy'd by Debauch and its Charms,  
She's asleep when the Cuckold should melt in her Arms.

I think if Wit, Sense and Judgment, be commendable in an Au-  
thor without Premeditation, I have it to excess.

*Jas.* But where's the business?

*Sym.* What business?

*Jas.* Why the Lady.

*Sym.* Pox of business and the Lady too, do I look like a man  
of business?

*Jas.* Then by my Fathers Soul you'r a dull senseless Rascal, and  
have

have no more Wit, then a Poetical Theif, for your Song is mere Nonsense.

*Sym.* I Gad who can help it? if it is Nonsense, it is Nonsense; but in my mind 'tis admirable good sence, you shall hear it again.

*[Offers to Read it, Jasper snatches it out of his hand, and tears it.]*

*Jas.* I'll have no more Reading of Songs, dull witless Songs, that have no more sence in 'em then I have.

*Sym.* Now has he spoil'd a Copy of the hopefullest Verses in Europe, and an Original too.

*Jas.* Here, here, are the lines, these are the moving lines, and so forth. *[Credulous snatches the Paper, tears it, and flings the pieces away.]*

*Sym.* Yes they are moving lines, see how they flutter.

*Jas.* Villain you have abus'd Poetry it self, and I will be reveng'd, I will have a Session of Poets shall damm thee Ibrahimatically, lead thee to School by the Nose and Chastise thy Insolence.

*Sym.* And I will have — your obliging and faithful Servant to command, and so forth.

*Dra.* You are not going Sir, are you?

*Sym.* Yes to Challeng him, we Poets dare not fight, do you hear Bully, I hate to be abus'd, and so forth, meet me to morrow.

*Jas.* Where?

*Sym.* Any where.

*Jas.* What hour?

*Sym.* Any hour.

*Jas.* The weapon?

*Sym.* What weapon you will.

*Jas.* I shall not fail.

*Sym.* Farewel. —

*Jas.* Is he gone?

*Sly.* Yes, and hath left you to pay the Reckoning.

*Jas.* 'Tis no matter, it shall be the last I'll warrant you; to morrow is the day,

*Till then rich Wine shall my dull brains inspire,*

*Cowards are Valliant when the head's all fire.*

*[Exit Sym. and Drayner.]*

## SCENE the Temple.

*Enter Oroandes with Amasia, his Sword drawn, and a  
Priests Roaber in his hand.*

*Oro.* This fair *Amasia* was a happy hour  
To Rescue thee from such a Villains pow'r.  
Lust in these Roabs so dreadful did appear,  
Beyond an Armies strength it made me fear.

*Ama.* The Impious Villain in such Crimes did move,  
Striving to force what he at first cal'd Love;  
That I almost mistrusted Heav'n, who gave  
Such sawcy Boldness to th' injurious Slave,  
Till you my chief Protector came with aid,  
And th' injurious Mas of sin display'd.

*Oro.* Under this Masque of Heav'n, and Silver age,  
The impious Rebel 'mongst his sins did rage.  
The blooming beauty of a fragrant flower,  
To crop, and kill, while it was in his pow'r.  
The Slaves confession may perhaps ingage  
Our King in Clemency to cease his rage.  
Those Counterplots laid to prevent your fall,  
Though seeming Ominous, may save us all.  
These Roabs which he has so abus'd, shall prove  
The Guardian Angel to preserve my love.

*Ama.* Run not such dangerous hazards for her sake,  
Who knows no way to pay your favours back.  
By the King, Vow and Laws, I'm doom'd to die,  
A minute cuts off my Mortality;  
And then my Gratitude and Debts remain  
Too Great and Vast, ere to pay back again.

*Oro.* All the return I ask for, or desire,  
Is but your equal love, and equal fire:  
Grant I in death may so much comfort meet,  
To fall a Lower at *Amasia's* feet.

*Ama.* You

*Ama.* You had my word before, and if ere Fate  
Changes my doom for a serener fate,  
Before the Gods and you, I vow, that hour

*Amasia* shall submit to your great pow'r.  
Your Chains I'll wear, and give up Victory,  
The toyles of War, for brave Captivity.  
To be o'recome by one, so truly brave,  
Makes a most Glorious Captive of your Slave.

*Oro.* Those noble Chains I'll wear, and triumph more:  
Then ere I did in Conquering before.  
To be your Slave is such a pleasing fate,  
The mighty blessing doth my fears rebate:  
In Life, or Death, or smooth fac'd Victory,  
No pleasures like this sweet Captivity.

*Ama.* We soon must part with all those joys and breath,  
How e're I shall be happy in my death.  
If Life with you be bliss, Death must be more,  
Since real happiness is there in store.  
For all who do a true Loves fate deplore.

*Oro.* Think not of death, first see *Oroandes* fall,  
And let a sigh attend his Funeral:  
For whilst I live, no force shall reach thy heart.  
When I am wounded in each mortal part,  
And bleeding death about my Soul doth wait,  
Prepare *Amasia* to receive thy fate:  
Till then my pow'r and this disguise believe  
Either of these may bring a safe reprieve.

*Ama.* Thus to prophane the holy Roads, will be  
A greater trouble then the loss of me:  
Heaven will be angry at your strange pretence,

*Oro.* Heav'n cannot frown to save such innocence;  
They what we Sacrifice injustice call,  
Else vertue would be banish'd from us all.  
Vertue expatiates to blot out Vice,  
Reaching her Glorious Arms to Paradise:  
And if we root that Angel from the Earth,  
Our weak humanity is out of breath:



For that conducted by the Powers above,  
Teaches the way to Duty and to Love.  
Come my fair Sacrifice, these Roabs can be  
Never prophan'd, worn to deliver thee.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

## SCENE the Court.

Enter Antellus, Glorianda and Guards.

King. **U**Rge me no more, the Gods have so decreed,  
*Amasia* and her Brother both must bleed.

*Glo.* Consider Sir the Nature of the Crime,  
And for my sake withdraw your Rage this time;  
Look on *Amasia's* Charms, and then declare,  
If Zeal and Beauty are not both at War.  
The Cruel Tyrant to secure his own,  
Usurps this beauty to enrich his Throne.

*King.* You sue in vain for what must be den'd,  
The Gods prescrib'd this way to scourge their pride.

*Glo.* Call not that Pride which was Revenge alone,  
Nor is it Justice Sir to Kill the Son.  
Your veng'ance scourg'd the Rebels as they flew,  
And ev'ry factious man your Valour flew:  
You strong Rebellion hunted out of breath,  
Which Sir expir'd in brave *Zoranzo's* death.

*King.* The fathers fall did but foment him more,  
Proving a greater Rebel then before;  
Still he grew on and in Rebellion mov'd,

*Glo.* Your self Sir by a Son would be belov'd:  
His Fathers Death new veng'ance did implore,  
Could he do less for one had fought before:

Rebellious

Rebellious Nature did the faction head,  
And he fought only to revenge the Dead.

His Army weak, wounded on ev'ry part,  
Fought not to Conquer, but Revenge their smart;  
*King.* Why for the bold Usurper do you move,

I shall grow angry, and believe you love.

*Glo.* You gave me leave, and made a worthy choice,  
Brave *Oroandes* had my Brothers voice;  
But he, as well as I, preserves a flame  
For dead *Zoranzo's* Issue.

*King.* ————— Dare you name  
An Act so base, to love your Countries foe,  
He dies, and never shall your passions know.  
The Gods expect their Sacrifice with care,  
And 'cause you shall not languish in despair,  
Against to-morrow for their Deaths prepare.

*Glo.* What have I said that should your anger move?  
If you will save his Life, I will not love;  
Let him but live, and I'll forget the wrong,  
Though love is grown too pow'ful and too strong  
With ease to be remov'd; in youth when first  
Kind conversation in each eye had nurst  
A gentle Cupid, and our hearts though poor,  
Wanting th' effects of love could love no more;  
Down with content we by each other sat,  
Weeping to think upon our Childish fate,  
Till he, forc'd by a Fathers pride did flee  
From me, and honour to your Enemy:  
Though then he lost obedience to the Crown,  
A mutual love did our Souls Current drown  
Within one Silver stream; and shall I now  
Cause his dejected state to fate doth bow  
Kill him with pride, whose noble growth would be  
A joyful Harvest of felicity?

No, let his Titles Sacrifices fall  
To his first Guilt, his Vertue merits all;  
*King.* Call Treason Vertue, and the Traytor just:  
Rebellion's a desire to Rule, and Lust  
Of Empire makes 'em break their trust.

ill Acts committed, by success made good,  
 And Nations staggering for want of blood  
 Drawn out by Civil strifes and unjust fears,  
 Are only debts to Nature in Arrears:  
 You know my Vow which I will ne're evade.

*Glo.* Heav'n blushes when that Bloody Vow is paid:  
 If he must fall, the worthiest of men,  
 Heav'n will be pleas'd with Sacrifices then;  
 My blood and his shall mount up to the Skys,  
 And feed the Nostrials of our Deities,  
 Till they in Rage to see such goodness fall,  
 Rain down our blood on veng'ance on ye all:  
*Amasia's Charms shall with such swiftness move*  
*The Gods out of meer pity from above*  
*Shall plague you all, when 'tis too late, with Love.*

[Exit Glorianda.]

*King.* *Amasia's Charms shall with such swiftness move*  
*The Gods out of meer pity from above*  
*Shall plague you all, when 'tis too late, with Love.*  
 What can she mean? 'Twas spoke as she did spy  
 The little Tyrant dancing in my eye.  
 Something unruly doth about me wait,  
 Like hidden Charms my anger to rebate;  
 The surly motion tells me I do ill,  
 Can I pretend to be a King and kill?  
*Amasia was no Rebel to the State,*  
 Why therefore should she share a Brothers Fate?  
 'Tis true, her life did from that spring take head,  
 And she may own those factions which they bred;  
 How ere  
 If she can love she lives, if not she dies,  
 Bring then a Rebel fit for Sacrifice,  
 Call in *Amasia*, — though her Charms appear

[Exit some Guards.]

So uncontroll'd, they must submit to fear,  
 Fearful to try what joy or bliss would be  
 Found while they'r strangers in Eternity.

[Enter Amasia.]

Having

Having consider'd Madam your Estate,  
And how each Title now submits to Fate,  
I could not chuse but rob the Gods of one,  
One only fit for *Siracusa's* Throne.

*Ama.* To say I've no desire to live, would prove  
A Barren Gratitude for Royal Love;  
Death though a debt, which is to Nature due,  
We all would fain prolong, and so would you:  
But how I am thus blest, being so nigh  
The welcome brink of Immortality,  
Staggers my Faith and strikes my Reason blind.

*King.* You'l make all perfect by your being kind.

*Ama.* I know so well you love that Conquerour,  
Who made us Captive to your mighty Pow'r;  
You'd not deny, might it with safety be  
My Brothers Life, my Love and Liberty.

*King.* Your Liberty without dispute I grant,  
Yet all those Graces must your Brother want;  
His Life must be to Heav'n a Sacrifice,  
Your own is Ransom'd by your Charming eyes.

*Ama.* What have I heard, shall *Zannazarro* find  
His Sister prov'd so weak to stay behind?  
Must he alone stoop to the Cruelty?  
I was a Rebel Sir as well as he.

*King.* In acts of Love you but a Rebel prove,  
Conqu'ring the Conquerour, yet scorn to Love:  
He ———

Wading through blood to Massacre did run,  
Outdid the Father, to undo the Son.

*Ama.* My Fathers Crimes he never did partake;  
Kill me, and spare him then for Honours sake:  
Nature can never consent to stay behind,  
He is my Brother, and in that I find  
Some secret motion, though my love be strong,  
Which tells me that I needs must go along:

Thus Love and Nature struggle in desires,

*King.* Consider Madam who it is admires,  
And the vast gift I give to quench my fires.

*Ama.* You give me life which I would gladly take,  
 ( Might he live too ) for brave *Oroandes* sake :  
 Affections 'twixt the Victor and the Slave  
 So strong are knit, they both will share one Grave ;  
 Then if he die, *Oroandes* too must fall,  
 And Heav'n will blush to see the Funeral :  
 The Gods made drunk with such a vast expence,  
 Of Royal blood, will pardon us from thence.

*King.* You love *Oroandes* then, and for his sake,  
 This tedious Pilgrimage of Death will take ;  
 Charm'd by your Charms, I gave Reprieve for life,  
 In hopes you would consent to be my Wife ;  
 But since to him your faith's already giv'n,  
 This day you keep your Nuptial feast in Heav'n ;  
 You by the Law must fall a Sacrifice ;  
 He only out of duty to your eyes,  
 May if he please translate himself from hence,  
 Death will confirm what now is but pretence,  
 Guards bring this Prisoner to the Temple freight,  
 My Love shall end when she receives her Fate.

[ Exit King and attendants.

Enter Glorianda.

*Glo.* Go Cruel Brother, who at once withstood  
 His Friend, his Sister, and his Countries good,  
 And all to satisfy the Gods with blood.  
 You weep *Amasia*, and those pearly tears  
 Confirm my Brothers rage, and my own fears ;  
 His Cruel heart will no impression take  
 From bended Knees, kind Words, or Natures sake.

*Ama.* Yes he is kind, too kind alas for me,  
 He gen'rously gave me Liberty,  
 Urging my Crime so little did appear,  
 Heav'n could not see't, and he'd forget it here ;  
 But then the recompence I was to give,  
 Prov'd so severe, my Justice could not live.  
 Brave *Oroandes* I must dispossess,  
 And make him rich in my unhappiness.

Which



Which once deny'd, he then my Death decreed,

*Glo.* The Chast *Amasia* not alone shall bleed,

For *Zannazarro* I, *Oroandes* You,

Dying together will proclaim us true;

He in our fall shall so much vertue see,

When we're extracted from humanity,

As Heav'n shall turn to smooth felicity.

*Ama.* My Cares are many for your noble life,

Since you ought not to suffer in the strife,

Earth will be Rob'd when so much goodness dies,

And Heav'n be too much stor'd with Sacrifice.

Live and be happy in a second choice,

Or *andes* once has had your Brothers voice;

Let him possess in *Zannazarro's* stead,

All the enjoyments of a Nuptial Bed;

I can resign that blessing up to you,

And I am sure you'r satisfi'd he's true.

*Glo.* In Life and Death so generous you prove,

In Heav'n you'l be rewarded for your Love.

Know fair *Amasia*, though you did resign

Your int'rest, I can never remove mine;

Death's but a toy, a moments fear, and then

We Launch into a World of Bliss again.

*Ama.* I for that World must instantly prepare,

And how to know you there shall be my care.

Shrouded in Clouds of glorious innocence;

And Angels waiting on each petty fence,

Shall draw our Souls through Clouds of bliss from hence.

## SCENE a Wood.

*Enter Sir Symon Credulous Arm'd Cap a Pe, with him*

*Slywit.*

*Sly.* Believe me Sir, 'tis true.

*Sym.* I fear him not, I am intollerable, this case of Steel makes me as free from wound, as if enchanted.

*Sly.* Yet Sir there is a greater danger near, the Wood is hid with men in Arms; whom he hath hir'd, if you should be the Victor, to cut your throat; if he survive, to drag your Body to the Sea, and there intomb it, that your name and actions may be lost to future ages.

*Sym.* How! is he so great a Villain?

*Sly.* He Kil'd his Father, Ravish'd his Sister, Poys'ned the Great Turk, and has committed outrages innumerable.

*Sym.* Then I think it fit to forbear the honourable employment of fighting for this time, and go home, rather then stay to meet with these unavoidable dangers.

*Sly.* Sir I love you, and I cannot see so much vertue perish, fight him in spight of all, and at convenient time fall down; Sir Jasper imagining you are dead, will fly; behind the Castle waits your Father with Officers to seize him, and hurry him to Prison, to give you the more priviledg and uncontroll'd freedoms to Marry his Daughter.

*Sym.* Can this be true?

*Sly.* Upon my honour Sir, my love to you forc'd me to be a Traytor to my Master, and relate this secret.

*Sym.* It shan't go unrewarded.

*Sly.* You won't walk long before my Mistress meet you, farewell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Sir Jasper Arm'd Cap & pe, with him Drayner.*

*Dra.* Nay he has vow'd to kill you; your Armour were it more impregnable, the *Mambrosia's Helmet*, his Sword will find a passage through.

*Jas.* Tell Sir *Symon* I am Arm'd all over: if Wine, Steel, and Impudence, are not enough to oppose one single Hector, Rot me for a *Wigeon*; I am come with a fighting Resolution, and will not be appeas'd, tell this thy Master.

SCENE

*Dra.* I'm sorry Sir you will not take my Counsel. Farewell.

[*Exit Drayner.*]

*Jas.* Counsel when a man is come to fight for honour! here is the only counsel a Knight Errand ought to take —

[*Pulls out a Bottle.*]

A resolution thus fortified need not fear the opposition of a single Arm.

[*Drinks.*]

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Symon and Sly.*

*Sym.* How in Armour, Zounds this is hard, he is wall'd in as well as I am, and the Devil cannot kill him, drinking too, nay then Valor assist me. [ Offers to fall on.

*Jas.* Hold Sir, hold, a fair Capitulation before fighting is as good as Tent and Eggs before Matrimony. Are you dispos'd to fight?

*Sym.* Yes.

*Jas.* Then Sir begin.

*Sym.* You'll take the Law then, for most Cowards when they think they cannot overcome, either take that for Sanctuary, or pretend your Enemy is not Gentle enough to fight with a man of honour, and thus you Cowardly shun the danger of a fight.

*Jas.* Sir your affront's unsufferable, prepare.

[ Here they fight at a distance, moving by degrees till they meet; after a short dispute, Symon falls, as soon as he is down Sly runs off crying Murder.

*Jas.* Ha dead, nay then 'tis time to prepare for safety.

[ A noise within of fellow follow, Enter Sly.

*Sly.* Fly Sir, fly, the Officers and Guards o'th' City, like blood-Hounds bend their Course this way, therefore begon or else expect to meet a shameful Death.

*Jas.* If this be honour, the Devil take fighting for me, grinning honour I defy thee. — [ Within fellow follow.

Let me but escape this time, and if ever you find me in the Bed of honour, the Field of danger again, hang me for a Woodcock.

[ Exit Jasper.

*Sly.* So, thou art safe, now for the other. [ Stands aside.

[ Symon raises himself, and looks about him.

*Sym.* I am not dead yet, thanks to my Case of Steel; how like an Ass *Sympleton* will look when he shall hear I have Married *Madam Theocrime*, ha, ha, ha, — [ Laughs within, fellow follow.  
ha, follow, follow, what means this?

Enter Sly Running.

*Sly.* Fly, fly Sir *Symon*, my Masters men are eager to find your Body, search up and down the Wood, under pretence of following the Murder, that they without the least suspicion may convey it to the Sea.

*Sym.* Zounds I'm not dead yet, what's to be done in this case.

*Sly.* Fly

*Sly.* Fly to the City Sir with expedition; there for a time shelter your self; till the noise of this fight be over, and Sir Jasper imprisoned; then break out like the Sun slipping from behind a Cloud, and Comfort your Dear Lady.

*Sym.* Was ever Conquest easier gain'd, or Conquerour thus treated? [Exit Sir Symon.]

*Sly.* Now both shift for your selves, this noise has rais'd the Town, and 'twill be hard to scape the Inquisition. [Exit Sly.]

### SCENE a Tavern.

*Four or Five Citizens are discover'd drinking. Enter Sir Jasper Sympleton in his Armor as affrighted, a noise of follow, follow, still.*

*Jasp.* Follow, follow, follow, now the Devil follow you, cannot a man Conquer decently, but he must have those blood Hounds after him. Where am I? [Spies the Company.]

Ha, in a Tavern, and amongst these grave Citizens, nay then without a great deal of impudence, I am lost for ever; that vertue now assist me, [Stalks up to the Table, and snatches a Bottle of Wine, the Company seeing him, start up and run away, as frightened, crying a Devil, a Devil, a Devil.]

So this is well, I'm taken for a Devil, and I hope I shall be; till I get home to my Lodging: Ha what's here? ———

[Spies the figure in the Scene.] the figure of a man in Armor, then I'll make another, perhaps that way I may escape the search: by your leave Monster I must imitate you. [Stands upon a Pedestal, and imitates the posture of the figure.]

*Enter Sir Symon in his Armor running, within follow.*

*Sym.* Confusion take you all for me, can a man of no honour be safe? this 'tis to pretend to fighting; I see there's more safety in being a Cowardly Gentleman, then to be an honourable Commander, [A noise within as of a Rabble.]

Ha! they are there, at the door, the very door by Heav'n, and I shall be in *salve Custodius* presently, what's here,

[Spying the figure, and Sir Jasper.] two in Armor, I Gad I'll make a third, that way or none I may escape



escape the Inquisition.

[ *Stands upon the other Pedestal imitating Enter a Drawer.* ]

[ *Sir Jasper.*

*Draw.* What's the matter here I wonder, these Citizens are afraid of their own shadows, one runs this way crying a Devil, a Devil, a Devil, a second this, a third, a fourth, and a fifth this way, all running and roaring as if they were possesst with a Devil indeed, a company of Cowardly Rascals, had they no more money than valour I might properly say, they were Beggarly Cowards; ha there's a brace of Devils indeed, — in the name of — the Devil, the Devil, the Devil. —

[ *Exit running.*

*Enter Constable and Watchmen, Sly drest like a Constable.*

*Con.* Search the House, here they went in for certain, leave not one Room unlook'd in, while my Brother and I solace our selves with a Bottle of Wine, —

[ *Exit Watchmen.*

*Come Brother, you and I, as we have participated in several Nocturnal Dangers, and also shar'd the Profits, will steal so much time to share a Bottle, or so.*

[ *They sit down, and lean their staves against the Arms of Jasper and Symon which are extended.*

*Sly.* Withal my heart, and see how fortune blesses us, here is plenty of the thing we ask for: Brother a health to our happy success in finding out the Murderer.

*Con.* Agreed.

[ *They drink and sling the remainder in Sir Jaspers and Sir Symon's faces.*

*Sly.* Another health to the Gold which perhaps they will give us to blind our eyes.

*Con.* Agreed.

[ *They drink, and sling the remainder as before.*

And now here is another health to —

[ *As they are going to*

[ *drink, Symon and Jasper break the Glasses,*

by my Staff of Office, what sawcy Rogue was that? he deserves punishment from the hands of Justice, but 'tis no matter, we will drink each a Bottle, and that shall be to Majesty it self.

[ *While they are drinking, Jasper and Symon with their feet sling down the Table, the Constables start up.*

*Sly.* Ha what means this, we are Enchaunted sure.

[ *Jasper and Symon jump down from the Pedestals, and dance up to the Constables, who run off, crying, begon, stand off, we are the Kings Officers, &c. Jasper and Symon still dance up and down, both performing the same Antick postures, till meeting face to face, they stand gazing upon each other.*

*Sym.* What,



*Sym.* What, Bully *Sympleton*?

*Jaf.* What Bully *Credulous*? are you alive still?

*Sym.* Yes, as sure as we are both Cowards; I see 'tis more dangerous for Gentlemen to fight, then for Church-wardens to rob the poor; we may be hang'd yet if we are taken.

*Jaf.* For that trick, to avoid trouble, I'll go home, 'tis dark enough to keep suspicion off.

*Sym.* And so will I,

*From hence forth, banour I'll no more pursue  
Then she doth Cowards, that's both I and you.*

*Jaf.* Had we been valiant we had bin no more,  
*Death sav'd our lives, that we might save a score.* [Exeunt.

## SCENE the Temple.

*Antellus, Glorianda, Arratus, Theocrine and Guards are discover'd.*

*King.* Thou look'st too sadly *Glorianda*; though Funerals do attend the day, we'r not to wear the sables on our Souls.

*Glo.* My sadness Sir only proceeds from fear, how my frail temper may endure a fight so full of horror.

[*Loud Musick, Enter at one door the Priests of Mars leading Zannazarro bound, follow'd by Priests in white, with Censors and Sacrificing Instruments; at the other, Oroandes drest like a Priest of Pallas, leading Amasia bound, Virgins in white following with Censors and Sacrificing Instruments.*

*King.* My Rage begins to melt, I could e'en with they might survive the rigor of their doom.

*Glo.* Must I see this and live? No *Zannazarro*, here's my Convoys to thee.

[*Draws a Dagger.*  
*The Priests lead 'em to the Altar, where unbinding their Arms, they give 'em liberty to embrace each other.*

*Zan.* So now *Amasia*, we have ended all our employments on the Earth: the wheels of Time worn on the road of Age, will lose their motions, ere we shall again meet in the Robes of flesh: Farewell, Though in a Moment here our Bodies die,  
Our Souls shall meet in vast Eternity;

Inseparably

Inseparably in the Clouds we both shall move,  
Treading on Air teaching the Gods to love;  
There walking hand in hand such tales we'll tell,  
As shall immortalize our joys — Farewell.  
*Am.* Farewell dear Brother; if thy Soul do move,  
And take thy flight ere mine to dwell above,  
Stay for me in the thin un moulded Air,  
For fear your loss should kill me with despair.

[Zannazarro and Amafia are led to the Altar,  
(where whilst they kneel this Song is sung.)

# S O N G;

SEE each wind leaves Civil Wars,  
And Heav'n approves the Sacrifice;  
Whilst to behold it all the Stars  
Glitter to light the Deities.  
Cho. Peace reigns through ev'ry Element,  
Whilst this blest pair to Heav'n are sent.

Sparta's fair Ephigenia di'd  
A spotted Sacrifice to this,  
Bright Nymph compar'd, whose Virgin pride  
Says Nature nought hath done amiss.

Cho. Yet she must live where Time shall be  
Confounded in Eternity.

Prepare, prepare, the fatal stroke  
Which Life and Soul must separate,  
Goodness may pity not revoke  
The firm Decrees of certain fate.

Cho. They come, they come, their ways prepare,  
And lead 'em through the passless Air,  
Lead 'em to live where Time shall be  
Confounded in Eternity.

[The Priests offer to strike, but are hindred by Oroandes; a clap of  
Thunder, Groanes and Shrieks throughout the Temple, the Priests Robes  
are spotted with blood, the Images of the Gods drop down.

*King.* What horrid Prodiges are these! The Gods are fure  
grown angry with our Prayers.

*Oro.* I have bin long attendant on these Powers, yet never saw  
the Gods thus mov'd before.

*King.* They'r sure displeas'd with Offerings so Pure, or else some  
hidden Charms unknown to us hath wrought this Miracle.

*Oro.* Here, here lies the guilt of our impieties; 'tis I deserve  
the utmost of your rage.

*King.* Ha! Oroandes what damnd Imposture's this?

[Soft Musick from above, the Images are rais'd again.

*Oro.* The argument of Mercy from the Gods emboldens me to  
seek the like from you. My violent passions forc'd my love into  
strange labyrinths of attempts; but what I first trembling with guilt  
did undertake, these Miracles have prov'd Legitimate.

When *Amasia* into the inmost Room was of the Temple brought,  
resolv'd to bear her from the Rigor of her doom, I had thither in  
private first convey'd my self, attending on the hour when the  
Priest with his sad charge should enter, which arriv'd, I that came  
there to offer Sacriledge, saw my self ordain'd the Instrument of  
Heaven, to free her from the hands of a fowl Ravisher.

*King.* This dreadful story strikes trembling Earthquakes through-  
out all my Limbs.

*Oro.* That this is true, witness those Powers which own'd that  
cause, which I (though rashly) undertook.

*King.* Pardon me ye Diviner Powers, — I have been too neg-  
lective of the charge you gave me, but will redeem it in my future  
Zeal: that Villains blood forc'd out by Tortures, shall begin the  
Purple Deluge.

[To Zannazarro and Amasia who kneel.  
I must forget those Crimes, Heav'n hath been pleas'd freely to for-  
give; rise higher in our favour then was that exalted Story from  
whence your Father fell.

*Oro.* Mountains of grief fall from my burthen'd Soul in their de-  
livery; but your Soverain Mercy must either with one Cordial more  
relieve my sickly hopes, or I am lost for ever.

*King.* Thy actions speak thy wishes — Here *Oroandes* take from  
my hand this gift from Heav'n, she's thine by their decree.

[Gives him Amasia, Zannazarro kneels.

*Zan.* Ere your extended Mercy shall contract it's liberal hand, let  
me

me be happy in the full fruition of my joys; my love to *Glorianda*, though long smother'd in my fates security, must now break out.

*King.* Thy thoughts arrive cloth'd in the Robes of joy: Rise *Zannazarro* — Imbrace in her thy happiness.

[*Zannazarro rises, the King gives him Glorianda.*

Now all your Seas are calm'd, only my Barque still stands in opposition 'gainst the wave,

*And it shall struggle with the Storm to show*

*To show how much we to this days deliver owe.* [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE the Sicilian Plains.

*Enter Vanlore like a Shepherd leading in Heroína wet as from a wreck, Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*Van.* Come Lady, you must now inhabit here

In silent shades and solitary Groves,

Where Rustick sweetness makes us void of fear,

And harmless Nature teacheth harmless Loves,

The Morning Dew drawn up by *Sels* strong Charms,

Is not more safe when lock'd within his Arms,

Then you protected by our Innocence.

*Her.* Sir, if these words prove not a bare pretence,

I shall have cause to thank your care, and be

Happy 'mongst you, though cloth'd in misery.

*Van.* Time will wear out the thoughts of dangers past,

And you may be releas'd from griefs at last;

Though in the Storm you left Estates behind,

Your life secures the safety of your mind:

A troubled fancy Robs the Soul of rest;

That man may be secur'd, but never blest,

For they who do within such Wars maintain,

Distract their Reason to secure their Pain.

*Her.* But pains like mine do seize on every part,

Engage the Soul to Captivate the Heart

My many troubles like a Clouded Sky,  
Declare some sudden Storm of dangers nigh.

*Van.* You but suspect those ills you need not fear,  
And danger Madam's unacquainted here.

*Her.* Wealth I have none to lose, or to bestow,  
My Gratitude is all; and that I'll owe;  
Which may in time to such a greatness rise,  
I shall return those thanks you'll not despise.

*Van.* I with the Curtain of your Fate may be  
Drawn from the face of smooth felicity:  
Wounds are not cur'd by Grief, nor Fate made less  
Or more by hopes of harms or happiness:  
Let Madam all our Vows disperse your fears,  
Time lost can't be pul'd back by sighs or tears.

*Her.* Yet silent Griefs a troubled heart may ease;  
And Passion vented mitigates disease. [ *Exeunt.*

### SCENE. Arrais Lodgings.

*Enter Slywit, Theocrine in mans clothes, and a Shepherd.*

*Sly.* Sir, to your charge I do commit the Fare:  
Behere safe conduct, she'll reward your care.

*Shep.* For *Valor's* sake my duty I'll express,  
Nor Madam for your own could I do less.

*Theo.* I can but thank you, yet in time I may  
Find out a means your services to pay;  
My Gratitude till then you shall employ,  
Take that, and lead me to a World of joy. [ *Exeunt. manet Sly.*

*Sly.* So thus far I'm right, and all my plots thrive equal with my wishes; I have perswaded Sir *Symon*, Sir *Jasper's* in Prison, and that I have got *Theocrines* consent to Celebrate the Marriage this Morning; a Bride I have provided, and such a one as (Heav'n knows) are too common in this Age, a debauch'd Chamber-maid, one as fit for Sir *Jasper's* humour, as a Taylor for a Cowcumber; he promis'd to meet me here, but has not kept his word, I hope he has not found the cheat, but here he comes. [ *Enter Sir Jasper.*  
Hast hast to the Temple Sir, you'll lose your Mistress else; within a Room behind the Altar waits a Priest, and all things are in readiness.

*Jas.* But ———

*Sly.* But



*sly.* But me no Buts, but get you gone I say; delay a minute and you'r undone for ever. [ *Pushes him off.* ]

So he's gone, and I within this hour shall be reveng'd at full: how sweet those actions are, when we project for Guinnies. By this time *Drayner's* ready with his Mask to entertain 'em; and if that and *Sir Jasper's* Wife make not Matrimony odious, I'll never plot again.

*Wives just like Fools, are only kept to please,  
Delight dull Appetites, and bring us ease;  
Their various ways to Pleasure we adore,  
Which once seen over, we admire no more.  
Things oft repeated, though they pleasant prove,  
Nautiate and dull the stomach like fond Love.  
Things in extreams are ills to ev'ry sense,  
And though a while they please us with pretence,  
Both once enjoy'd the prudent banish hence.*

[ *Exit.* ]

## SCENE the Temple.

*Enter a Priest of Hymen, then Arratus, and then Sir Symon leading Julia drest like Theocrine.*

*Arra.* This is the day, Son, makes us happy, you in the hopes of such a vertuous Wife, and I to see both Married: And Daughter (since your duty speaks you so) I hope this joyful day will Crown your Loves, and add Eternal Comforts to your Lives. Lead to the Altar. [ *As they go up to the Altar the suppos'd Ghost of Van-lore appears, Julia and the Priest shriek and run off severally, Arratus falls down, Sir Symon offers to run out, but is stop'd at ev'ry entrance by a Spirit.* ]

## SONG. By the Spirits.

*1 Spi.* **M**ake haste, make haste,  
The time doth waste  
And flies too fast.

*Cho.* Therefore Remove  
These sinners from their bliss Above,  
For they must share  
With us in Everlasting Care.

*2 Spi.*

2 Spi. Remember old man, and ye sprightly young Blade,  
The Lover, the Lover, to death was betray'd;  
At Ardenna by you he was strangely remov'd,  
Because he too fondly pursu'd what he lov'd.

3 Spi. For which you shall be  
Tormented by me,  
For ever, for ever, by him, and by me.

Cho. For which, &c.

1 Spi. Come let's remove.

2 Spi. Come let's remove.

4 Spi. This lump of Diseases and scandal of Love,  
Let's bear 'em from hence to their Torments below,  
Where Lavishing Souls are wrap'd up in woe;  
There to Tortures they shall for their mischiefs be sent,  
Yet never, Oh never, Oh never Repent.

Cho. There to, &c. [The Song being ended, the four Spirits drive Sir  
Symon into the middle of the stage, and Dance;  
the Dance being ended, they hurry him away.  
Arratus raises himself and looks about him.

Arra. Are they gone? [Risen.  
Was ever Marriage so crost, they'r all gone, and have left me no-  
thing to keep me Company, but a guilty Conscience; Oh the hor-  
ror of it strikes me dead; Murder is the sin Committed, and I the  
only Actor! Oh Vanlore, could I recall thy Soul, I willingly would  
give my Daughter to you to satisfy the injuries I did you, but 'tis  
in vain, the Bloody deed is done, I shall grow mad, my Son and  
Daughter and my Wits are lost, lost past Redemption,  
Howe'r I le spin my Life out, though my Grief  
Burden my Soul till it is past Relief.

[Exit.

## SCENE a Plane.

Enter Oroandes Reading a Letter.

Oro. Meet me at Nine behind the Hermits Rock,  
I have not mist in either Circumstance, unless my last Anticipated  
Time ——— [Look on his Watch.

it

It yet is not full Nine. *[Enter Antellus.]*

*King.* *Orandos* you are now a Loyal Subject.

*Oro.* All my Ambitions ne're flew higher, Sir, then in that Region of your thoughts to thrive.

*King.* There it was grown to full Maturity : But I must like wanton *Nero* either Ruin all the Glorious Structure of thy hopes, or live Impris'n'd in thy Loyalty : thy Life ( till now my strongest fortress ) is become the fatal Engine of my Ruin.

*Oro.* Heav'n ! what have I done to merit this ?

*King.* Nothing but bin too Vertuous, and by that center'd affections which I must remove, or shake thee into Chaos.

*Oro.* This Language blasts me, sure I have no fin pond'rous enough to buoy your Veng'ance up. Did I but think one Viper Lodg'd in my remotest part, I'de tear each Fibre of my heart, to find the Monster out, and in my blood Imbalm'd throw it as far as Life's short span can reach. But Heav'n my witness is no flame of Zeal, but has bin your's i'th second Magnitude ; my Vows of Kim to those I pay'd the Gods, my Prayers but Love and Duty fir'd into a holy Calenture.

*King.* Thy Vertue fathoms not my debt of Guilt ; such a prevention of my Anger, would only change the active passion for sorrow as insupportable : those Characters which must uphold the fables of my Soul, are in dark Hieroglyphicks hid, through which thy strength of Judgment cannot pierce.

*Oro.* You speak in misty wond'ers Sir, such as lead my apprehension into wild Meanders.

*King.* This will unriddle all our doubts, — draw. *[King draws.]*

*Oro.* Against my Sovereign ! an Act so wicked would retort the guilty steel into my breast : fear never yet Marbled a Cowards heart more then Obedience mine.

*King.* Will you deny when I Command ?

*Oro.* Pardon me Royal Sir,  
I would bestride a Cloud with Lightning Charg'd in's full Career, affront a Thunderbolt, leap into the Clefts of Earthquakes, or attempt to prop the Ruines of a falling Rock,

*Yet count all this my happiness, so I*

*Met Death in the white Robes of Loyalty.*

*King.* Are my attempts priz'd at so weak a rate ? wears not my Sword

Sword a danger on its poynt as well as thine? — Draw — or I shall conclude 'tis fear, not Loyalty, that Charms thy hand, which speaks thy Soul a Traytor.

Oro. This stirs my blood, were you a private man that only had his better Genius to defend him, and though Ally'd to me by all the ties of Nature, and of Friendship, yet being thus far urg'd, our Swords long since had shown whose Stars had brightest Influence.

King. I have unfetter'd all those legal bonds. Draw — for thy denying now but slights my power.

Oro. Then since there's no Evasion, — [Oroandes draws. Witness ye Gods my Innocence is wrong'd.

But Gracious Sir, — [Oroandes kneels. Before I fall, or stand less fortunate, to see you overthrow, Oh let me know what Fate, what Cruel Fate has Rob'd me of the Treasure of your Love.

King. And must such goodness die? Know noble Youth, I am so far from calling it desert in thee, that hath unheath'd my Sword, that in this midnight storm of fancy I can shed some drops of Pitty too. I come not rashly to attempt thy life, but long have struggled with my hot desires, stood fiery Tryals of temptations. I am diseas'd, and know no way to health but through a deluge of thy blood, — there is a cause.

Oro. Dear Sir reveal it, that ere I fall, my penitential tears may cleanse my Soul from such a Leprous Crime.

King. Alas brave Youth, thy thought's white as the Robes of Angels are, I know thy Love to fair *Amassia* inseperable, as goodness from a Deity, yet I must deprive thee of this Darling of thy Soul.

Oro. With pardon Royal Sir, I cannot think the *Cyprian* Princess is so soon forgot, with whom *Amassia* Sir compar'd is nothing.

King. Darst thou affect her, yet dispraise a Beauty that in its Orb contracts Divinity? This Prophanation what had else bin sin will render Meritorious, — Guard thy Life.

[They fight, the King is wounded.]

Oro. What have I done?

King. The Business that we met for, now we are friends again, friends until Death. [The King staggers and falls.]

Oro. Oh do not faint, call up your spirits Sir, there's hopes of Life.

King. My Vital Powers fail, my Eyes are bowing to Eternal night.

Oro. And

*Oro.* And I grow wild with Horror, — milder then a Flame provok'd by angry Winds; what shall I do, or whither shall I flie, to leave behind me this pursuing Guilt? [*A noise within.*

*King.* Oh, Oh, — be gone, be gone my *Oroandes*, some Company draws near. Maist thou live long and happily in the Embraces of her whom I unjustly strove to have: my dying wishes wait upon your joys.

*Oro.* Angels attend your latest hour, I go

From hence to meet my Everlasting woe.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Heroïna, Vanlore, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.*

*Hero.* I thought I heard th' unruly noise of Swords,  
And Clashing Murmurs of unfriendly words,  
Besides the Eccho of a hollow Groan.

*Van.* I heard the dismal noise, and fear th' event,  
These wild Bandetties live by spoiles alone,  
Run on in sin, and fear no punishment.

*King.* Oh, Oh, Oh.

*Hero.* ——— What noise is that?

*Van.* ——— Some newly Slain

By these untam'd Bandetties of the Plaine.

*Hero.* And here lies one breathing his latest breath,  
His face is cold, and all appears like Death;  
Let's Beare him off

Within for his Recovery all means I'll try,  
For something prompts me, that he must not die.

[*They take him up, and Exeunt. Enter Theocrine and the Shepherd, the Shepherd brings back Vanlore.*

*Van.* My dearest *Theocrine*, in all, you prove  
Your Honour great, as is your Real Love.

*The.* My *Vanlore*, sure I may believe my eyes,  
Or doth the suddain Joy my sense surprize;  
The Cruel pleasures steal so sweetly on,  
Makes me mistrust the Bliss I run upon.

*Van.* Your Bliss is Real, and my Joy's Compleat,  
Heav'n could not give a happiness more great.

*The.* Through doubts and fears I have attain'd my will,  
But 'twas unkind to let me Languish still.

*Van.* That only cast a Cloud on the design,  
That with more ease you might to Love incline.



And to live alone retir'd with pain;  
 Expecting still this happiness to gain;  
 Which thus posselt, more perfect Bliss I find,  
 Then in the various pleasures of the mind.

*The.* Love like the wind oft shifts and seems to cease,  
 As if each minute lull'd it into peace;  
 Sweetly it breaths upon the flowry Plaine,  
 And yet a moment pulls it back again.  
 From Calms to Storms th' unruly Gust doth rise,  
 And scatters all the Clouds about the Skies;  
 So we neglectful, now our Bliss is near,  
 By staying, threaten dangers we should fear:  
 My Lovers Anger, and my Fathers Age,  
 With Thunder will pursue us in his Rage.

*Van.* Thou art the Loadstone, and my Soul shall be  
 Directed only by thy Charms and thee.  
 'Mongst harmless Sheep, and solitary Bowers,  
 We'll walt the tedious Time in pleasant Hours,  
 There Love and Pleasure we'll at once possess;  
 Who wades through Crosses meets true Happiness. [Exeunt.

## SCENE the Court.

*Enter Zannazarro, Glorianda, and Amasia.*

*Zan.* How sad a change is this! This morning was appointed  
 for more joyful Interviews.

*Glo.* When last nights slumber rob'd our wakeful hopes of the  
 delicious births of fancy, 'twas with fairer promises: *Amasia*, I fain  
 would comfort thee, but my own griefs make me a stranger to  
 that balmy Language.

*Ama.* Dear Sister, thy Passions are too violent; the Messengers  
 are not yet all return'd, nor have we seen *Arratus*. [Enter *Arratus*.

*Glo.* And here he comes.

*Zan.* My Lord, you either come to share in Grief with us, or  
 ease ours by some blest discovery.

*Arr.* My Lord, my Son, my Daughter, and my —

*Zan.* Peace, no more, mix not theirs with a Sov'raigns loss, whose  
 least drop of Blood is worth a Thousand Lives, speak thy intel-  
 ligence.

*Arr.* My

*Arr.* My Largest lies within the City walls, and there he has not yet bin heard of; is none with him?

*Zan.* Yes, *Oroandes*,  
here comes our last hopes, speak thy success. [Enter a Messenger.]

*Mess.* Not good my Lord, we've travest all the Fields that Circles lofty *Erix*, and yet see no beam of blest Intelligence; all we found worthy to fix an Observation on, was a place beneath the *Hermits Rock* all stain'd with store of Blood, and near the foot this token of our Grief. [Gives a bloody Handkercher which was the Kings.]

*Zan.* Oh my Prophetick fears!

*Ama.* Our sorrows are confirm'd!

*Glor.* They are in Bloody Characters!

*Arr.* I'll go and secure the Cittadel, and cry Treason.

[Exit. Arratus.]

*Zan.* Sorrow out-grows all my Resolves, this is an Act so full of Horror 'tis terrible to name it; but if the Force of *Syracuse* can scourge the Traytors,

We'll have  
Their Heads to build a Temple o're his Grave. [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

### SCENE the Plaines.

*Enter the King lead by two Shepherds and Heroina.*

*King.* I 'VE now got strength enough to render to you the fair preserver of my Life; my Spirits stir, as if they would shake off the sluggish weight of weakness.

*Hera.* How much in ev'ry twinkling of the eye doth he resemble my Heroick Love. [Aside.]

*King.* You'r sad sweet Lady.

*Hera.* I have a Cause, and such a one, that did you know, your Goodness would Commiserate my wretched Fortune.

*King.* Reveal it Lady, I perhaps may be inabled then to dissipate your Grievs.

*Hera.* I was resolv'd to weep away my Time in private sorrow; but discovery cannot aggravate my woe; besides I may venture to

lodge a secret, where I have found such temperate virtues. I'll only with this Question Usher in my own discovery; is *Sicily* your place of Birth, or not?

*King.* It is, and Breeding both.

*Hero.* I will not ask what were the Parentage, where I find Vertues plant Nobility, yet would be loath to a Plebeian breast to trust what I must now divulge.

*King.* You may be confident I am a Gentleman, as well by Birth as Education, Lady.

*Hero.* I do presume it Sir, and therefore wish of all I now remain amongst to be known unto you alone.

You never had Relation to the Court?

*King.* There was my Breeding Lady.

*Hero.* Near the Person of the King?

*King.* One of his Bed-Chamber, and 'tis no boast to say, as well belov'd by him as any, there being in th' opinion of the Court, a near Resemblance of our looks.

*Hero.* Then sure my name is not a stranger to you, have you not heard Sir of the *Cyprian Princess*?

*King.* The Beautious *Heroina*.

*Hero.* The wretched *Heroina*, such I'm sure is my condition in my present State.

*King.* Pardon the Child of Ignorance, my wild, and unbecoming Rudeness. [Kneels.]

*Hero.* Rise Sir, we are Companions yet; and hope we shall be till your Royal Master possess what was long since intended his. By what Disaster, I was cast upon this dreadful Precipice of Danger, as we are walking I'll Relate. [Enter two Bandetties.]

*Ban.* A prize, a prize, a noble prize, seize you upon that pretty Shepherdess, while I dispatch the Guardian. [Draws.]

*King.* 'Tis not so quickly done, and though as yet unable to defend, hither I'll fly for Rescue. [Snatches the Bandetties sword,

(who is going to seize Heroina.)

Now I'm prepar'd to scourge your sawcy Insolence.

[Fights with the first Bandetty and wounds him, the second leaves Heroina, and offers to seize the King; Enter Vanlore and Theocrine, Vanlore Draws, and drives the second Bandetty off; the first that was wounded by the King stays.]

*Hero.* This

*Hero.* This was a timely Rescue, and has by the fair Redemption of my Honour bound me to give you thanks.

*King.* I merit none; my Duty urg'd me to preserve that Life which they strove thus to Ravish. The brightest Stars that Rul'd my Fate, did light me to this blest Employment; but had all set, e're their Influence had attain'd its end, had not this Gentlemans assistance lent new Vigor to their fading Beams.

*Hero.* I must confess a debt of thanks to him, which if Irregular Humanity prove no Rebel to my safety, shall be suddainly discharg'd: Let this Villain attend us to the Court, there you'll find a Prince to be intreated, when your Advocate bears *Heroina's* name. I can forgive, and so I hope can you, although his Crimes merit a lasting punishment.

*I Ban.* Pardon me best of Women, and impute my Rudeness to my Ignorance. If any Service can Extenuate Crimes of such Monstrous Growth, my Blood shall pay the forfeit of my disobedience.

*Hero.* Your hopes of safety prompts me to believe you: Come Sir, you and that Gentleman shall attend me to the Court.

*Van.* We are your Vassals Madam, proud to have such a Command to Usher our desires.

*Hero.* And you Sir.

*There I'll compleat that cure so well begun,  
And raise your fading hopes for what you've done.* [Exeunt.

## SCENE a Tavern.

*A Table, Pen Ink and Paper in it.*

*Enter Led by the Nose, Sir Jasper Sympleton by Drayner,  
and Sir Symon Credulous by Slywit, disguis'd.*

*Dra.* Come, come along Sir, is't not enough to kill an honourable Gentleman, but you must Lampoon him when you've done, and wound his fame in Verse.

*Jas.* Dam-me if ever I writ a Verse in my Life, or any thing like it, alas I have no more wit then a Goose, and writing's as disagreeable

agreeable to my Nature, as Hanging; I must confess I have often had an Itching mind to Poetry, but could never obtain it.

*Sly.* And what makes your name Sir, crowded on the Title Page of several Plays in splendid Characters, as if that Ostentation did proclaim thee a man of wit and merit?

*Sym.* I see you are Ignorant of the *English* Customes; their men of Wit and Sence inclin'd to Poetry, have such a little share in the Worlds Treasure, their works and them alike go both a begging, and scarce a morning but we *Easte-men* (who rather then our lives would be accounted the Zanies of the Age) are troubled with their Visits, where for a Guinny we purchase the Labour of three Months, and then by our Authority, with the Acting Females (who doat upon us Gallants of the Times) the Play in our names Acted, and by Consequence, cause all the World should be acquainted with our Folly (which we think Wit) some Greedy Bookseller pays dear for the Copy, and by his means 'tis utter'd into th' World; those Dedications writ by us (small Criticks) never are honour'd by a Noble Patroness, tending to down right rayling at the Age, or finding fault perhaps with the best Poets.

*Sly.* This makes you Guilty of the last Lampoon, in which you have not only abus'd him who never was a Poet, but all the Poets of the Age; and therefore if you give us not (in the behalf of our dead Friend) sufficient satisfaction, you die immediately.

*Sym.* This 'tis to pretend to Poetry in a strange Country: I Gad in *London*, a man of Nonsense is as safe (amongst the Crue of Criticks) as in a *Hollands* Leaguer, for they are more given to the Spirit of Contradiction, then that of Fighting. [*Aside.*

*Dra.* Come Sir, dispatch, we are in hast.

*Jaf.* So am I to be gone.

*Sly.* Swear Sir.

*Sym.* Swear what?

*Sly.* Either you did, or did not write the Verses.

*Sym.* I vow to Gad, and all that, I am Innocent.

*Sly.* That's but a weak Oath, and shows too much of Cowardize to gain belief; swear me a full mouth'd Oath like a true *Englishman*.

*Sym.* Then



*Sym.* Then on the Vertue of a Gentleman, and Honour of Sir  
*Symon Credulous*, I am not Guilty.

*Sly.* Honour and Vertue are two mighty strangers to an Ignoble breast; I cannot in the least imagine they are lodg'd in your's. Come Gentlemen, here's Pen Ink and Paper, write ev'ry Letter that we shall command you, or die in disobeying.

*Sym.* Was ever poor Pretended led by the Nose before? Honour begone, to save my Life I'll do it; we are ready Sir.

[*Sir Jasper and Sir Symon go to the Table, and prepare to write.*]

*Sly.* Write this then; — I am a Coward.

*Sym.* All the World knows that already, it needs no publication.

*Sly.* Write I Command you.

*Both.* I am a Coward. — [Write.]

*Sly.* An Arrand Stinking Coward.

*Both.* An Arrand Stinking Coward. — [Write.]

*Dra.* A Poetical Thief.

*Jas.* Not I by Heav'n.

*Dra.* Write I say.

*Both.* A ————— [Write.]

*Sly.* And a damn'd Son of a Whore, if ever I writ these Verses.

*Both.* And a ————— [Write.]

*Jas.* All this I Gad is true Gentlemen, have you done?

*Dra.* Not yet Sir, one word more, and I do here promise to receive into my Arms, the Lady yesterday Married, to have and to hold, for better for worse, and so forth, with a promise to make her a Jointure of Three Hundred a Year; to keep (and never to part with) her, as being a Match only fit for me — *Jasper Sympleton.*

*Jas.* Withal my heart.

[*Jasper writes.*]

Now Sir *Symon* I think I am even with you.

[*Aside.*]

Here Sir I deliver this to you as my Act and Deed.

[*Gives Drayner the Paper.*]

*Dra.* So this is well. And now Gentlemen, 'cause you shall be eas'd of all your fears and miseries, all disputations 'twixt you two must cease; the Lady, the Beautiful Lady *Theocrina* by Nuptial tye is yours, and as your Wife receive her.

*Enter.*

*Enter Julia.*

*Jas.* Withal my heart, now you have plaid the part of honest men, I welcome into my Arms.

*Dra.* Pray Heav'n you find us so, do you know me Sir?

*[Discovers himself.]*

*Jas.* What Drayner, Servant to my Rival Sir Symon Credulous, nay then I fear the worst.

*Dra.* I am the honest man you talk of Sir, and 'cause you shall not dwell in Ignorance too long, behold whom you have Married.

*[Discovers Julia.]*

*Jas.* Cheated, Gul'd, abus'd by Heav'n; have I Married this Chamber-maid?

*Jul.* This Chamber-woman you have Sir, I was a Maid until you made me otherwise; and afterwards you would perswade me to have bin as false as *Dunkirk*, and in one hour have received *English, Dutch, French*, and abus'd them all; but you see the Fates decreed it otherwise, I am now your Wife.

*Jas.* The Devil shall be mine as soon; go home to your old Office, keep the Door, and let in ev'ry paulty Knight or Squire, that gives a Guinny and a Kiss for Entrance, who being slighted by your Peevish Lady, falls foul on you, as being loath to lose th' Imagination of Enjoyment, though with her meanest Servants.

*Sym.* Good Bully *Sympleton*, how like an Als you look now, I must confess you have such a smart way of Courtship, such taking Charms, such sweet Devices, no Woman can hold out. With you much Joy Sir. Gad *Drayner* let's serenade him with the second part to the same Tune.

*Sings Ridiculously.*

I had a Miss, a Dainty, Dainty Miss,  
Who could at once, Dissemble, Cog, and Kiss;  
This Miss I Gad grew weary of the Life,  
Filted Sir Jasper, and became a Wife.  
How do you like it Bully, Ha?

*Dra.* Come,

*John.* Come, come Sir, be patient, you are now a Knight Absolute, a Courtier of the Fashion, for scarce one of them but marry some Debauch'd Lady or other, and count it happiness if but three Nations have enjoy'd her; and this Pasty is of your own Cutting up, and no doubt will prove a Vertuous Wife, and no

*Jas.* A Vertuous Devil she may: Pox of the Sex in general, and in particular these, farewell Wife, farewell Bully, may it thou Love on, till thou Reelst like a Drunken Dutchman, and in that Humour Commit Adultery with some Gotish Citizen, till the hot Pestilence of Pleasure sink thee into another World.

*Drayner.* I offer to go, but I'm divided by Drayner.

*Dra.* Stay Sir, stay, I have your hand here to confirm a Contract, which I give up to *Jas*, and here I vow by all those Plagues you heap'd upon her head, to kill you instantly, unless you take her to your Arms.

*Jas.* Why this to your friend *Drayner*? Pox you're a man of Wit and Merit, and I know have more discretion, then to Bubble your Obliging Friend and Servant.

*Dra.* I am resolv'd nothing shall stop my fury, take her, or

*Jas.* Pox on ye, come, had I Courage enough to die, I would be hang'd before I'd be hang'd a Chamber-maid.

*Sym.* A Chamber-maid, Ha, Ha, Ha, give me thy hand *Sympleston*, give you much joy, a Chamber-maid, Ha, Ha, Ha.

*Jas.* Well, well Sir, let nothing trouble you, my Chamber-maid may be a Lady as soon as your Lordship.

*Sym.* Give you much joy, I say no more Bully, but now I hope I may Court my Mistress without the trouble of Poetising, Drinking, or Whoring, Ha, Bully *Sympleston*.

*Sly.* You may Sir, but she's Married.

*Sym.* The Devil she is, to whom?

*Sly.* A Shepherd Sir, one poor but honest, and such a one as Nature only made equal in Graces to compare with her, won by her prayers and tears; I stole her hence, and gave her to a faithful Shepherd, who was her Conduct to him.

*Sym.* I'd eat an't gold by Shepherds, the base Slaves shall die: who was the Principal?

*Sly.* One though unfortunate, may boast himself a Soldier

noqu H and









*Glo.* Help, Help the Princess.

*Ama.* Madam, dear Madam.

*Her.* Oh, Oh, Oh.

*Arr.* Bear her forth, and give her more Air: I

*Her.* Hold, I am better here, if any thing revive my Spirit, will be this that puts me in mind of my deceased Lord. Why stand you thus amazed? Enter *Oroandro*, *Zannazarro*, and *the rest* seem to be married.

*Zan.* Pardon us Madam, we had the United Bulk of some dead friend, whose memories ne're forgot, visited Earth in his own shape again, our wonder could not have arriv'd unto a higher Pitch. Let us embrace the friend.

*Oro.* Stand off, yet farther off, — you know not what you touch; you safer far may grapple with a flame, or in his midnight walks, affront a friend arm'd with full Vials of destructive wrath: the Graves Inhabitants, when folded in Corruption, are not more defil'd then I.

*Zan.* What tends this language to?

*Oro.* Destruction, *Zannazarro*.

*Ama.* How hast thou lost thy Temper *Oroandro*, prithee look on me friend, am I grown a stranger to thy knowledge?

*Oro.* Leave me awake, thou art of kin unto those hollow'd Angels that did once attend my Actions, and must now with them a stranger to thy *Oroandro* grow.

SCENE

*Hero.* You are to me a stranger Sir, yet in your looks something I read, that may concern your absent Prince.

*Oro.* I do, and would Relate it, but that it hath a sound so full of horror, I tremble to Relate it; yet I must, no other way can lead my Soul out of this wilderness of death; he's Murder'd.

*Zan.* How?

*Glo.* By whom?

*Oro.* By me, do ye start? 'twas I, 'twas I, that when your blooming hope glow'd with the Sun of Majesty, were grown big with expected favour, did Eclipse the Glorious Light in a Black Cloud of Death; I cut the heart-strings of the Land, and fed the Groaning Land with Blood, whose Purple had bin by an Ancient Stock of Ancestors dy'd into Royalty.

*Zan.* Ingrateful Slave, why are our Swords so slow to Execute the Villain?

[*Offers to Draw.*]

*Glo.* Oh

*H*

*Ama.* Oh

*Amo.* Oh hold, believe him not, he Raves. *[To Ivo.]* *Amo.*

*Ors.* Thou hast but injur'd me, *Amasia*, in staying their just fury. *Amo.*

*Glo.* Oh Brother if this be true, thou hast undone us all. *Amo.*

*Ors.* True, do not think this any Natural Distemper, that spreads this Malignant Vapour through my Veins, which nought but the Poison of my Guilt Corrupts; yes I have done it Brother, and you are all bound, as you love your Prince, to seek Reveng'd with Torments; here's a Note will when I'm dead, direct you where to find him. *[Flings Zannazarro a Note.]*

And now I've done my Business on the Earth, I'll give the first stroke to Revenge, and here open a passage for your Swords to Enter. *[Draws his sword, and offers to kill himself; is stay'd by the King.]*

What bold hand is that?

*King.* One that here may claim a privilege.

*[Discovers himself, all kneel by Heroina.]*

Rise thou true Mirror of all Royalty, ne're higher in our favour.

*Zan.* Our Gracious Sovereign!

*Omnes.* Welcome, Oh welcome Royal Sir.

*King.* You are all my much lov'd Subjects, such is whom never was King more Blest; Madam your presence Crowns our Joys, now I stand Exalted in the Zenith of my Fate; who would not pass a Stormy Night, to be thus Courted by a Glorious Day? You all are sharers in my heart, but thou my Love. *[To Heroina.]*  
the chief Commandress of that Royal Fort.

*Hero.* My Joys are now Completed, and I find a Sea of Pleasure Crowns my Dangers past; what those were, at your leisure I'll Relate.

Now Joy and Thanks alike my Breast possess.

Which leads me to a World of Happiness.

*King.* Hymen shall light us to that World of Joy, Which once possess'd, shall all our Cares destroy.

*Arratw.* I should chide you, but 'tis no time to wear an angry brow, although the Crime was monstrous, to hie two wicked Slaves to Murder Vanlore, who then lay Leaguer at Ardenna, but by Miracle preserv'd, to save mine and Heroina's Life, for which all he desires, is your free Consent to Marry Theocrine.

*[Vanlore and Theocrine kneels.]*

*Arr.* My

Arr. My Lord he has it and enjoy to his child as he do to  
 As a Duke and Countess Rise and receive my Blessing. O you are a  
 worthy Son and daughter, thou hast in thee true  
 making. To add to that Honour, I have Crowned him Ge-  
 neral of our Armies, and placed you in a greater worth, and made you  
 our Heir, and the Royal Marriage made it. I will be the Portion of my Child  
 b' answer I long live to see you and your Son, King and Queen of  
 Sicily. I have heard I'm dead, direct with Torments; here's a Note will when I'm dead  
 King. My Debts are great to all, but must remain in full. And  
 dead until my Off'rings paid to the gods. And now I'm dead, and  
 on then I'll show thee how by this crown, I have made you  
 I wish you new ways to the Crown.

The mighty Blessing that my Son doth move  
 In different forms, like unknown Joys, Abode, }  
 Bing Crown'd at once with Epiphany and Love. }  
 Know. One that he never had before.

[ Discover himself, all kneel by His side  
 Rise thou true Mirror of all Royalty, be't higher in our favour.  
 See. Our Gracious Sovereign!  
 Owner. Welcome, Oh welcome Royal Sir.  
 King. You are all my much lov'd Subjects, and in whom I live  
 was King more Bless'd; Madam your presence Crowned our Joys;  
 now I stand Exalted in the Seats of my Fate; who would not  
 was a stormy Night, to be thus Counted by a Glorious Day. You  
 all are there in my heart, but I have love  
 the chief Commanders of the State.

FINIS

Now Joy and Thanks alike my Self possest  
 Which leads me to a World of Happiness.  
 King. Hymen shall light to that World of Joy  
 Which once possest shall all our Cares destroy.  
 Arras. I should chide you, but 'tis no time to wear an angry  
 brow, although the Crime was monstrous, to pierce two wicked  
 Stars. My dear Son, who then lay I against at midnight, but  
 by miracle fell to, to save mine and Heroine's life, for which  
 all the deities is our free Consent to marry. Therefore.

EPILOGUE

[ Vanlore and Theocline kneel  
 Arr. My

# EPILOGUE.

**W**HAT strange unkindness doth amongst you Reign,  
 Sure you will ne're leave off this Damming strain;  
 You Sans remorse, like Cruel Victors kill;  
 Both Friend and Foe must suffer by your will,  
 And all you do is good, though ne're so ill;  
 Your Native sweetness sure is from you fled,  
 And all kind Nature is Extinct and Dead;  
 Like Mifs Enjoy'd, you lead us to the Door,  
 Quite Cloy'd, you thrust us out, and Love no more,  
 Leave us like her to all Ensuing harms,  
 And Curse the ill, because you hate her Charms:  
 By Instigation, or by Precept led,  
 You that are Wits the Guiddy faction head;  
 And taught by them, ill Nature and their spight,  
 T' Explode what they call wrong, though ne're so right.  
 Like Massanello's our kind Judges sit,  
 Cry down the Play, because they hate the Wit;  
 Damm me sayes one, why so Satyrick here,  
 What mean's the Fop to Ramble from his sphere,  
 And Carp at things, the gravest Poets fear?  
 Troth 'twas Invention, though he mist the way,  
 He writ, and hop'd to please as well as they,  
 But he mist, and faded his poor Muse,  
 And what he thought Jocosse, prov'd mere abuse.  
 The Drudging Scribler quakes within, for fear  
 You should turn Heftors and dissect him here;  
 His little frailty sure you can forgive,  
 And Impudence you know deserves to live;  
 You maybe merciful, though you are Foes,  
 Since to your Rage at once he did Expose  
 All he held dear, to Lead you by the Nose.